CONNOLLY J B 003435
HEAD WINDS
PS -3505
C76 H3

Library
St. Joseph's College
City Avenue at 54th Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19131

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/headwinds0000jame

HEAD WINDS

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
HOUSE LIBRARY

Mountains of slate-blue water rolled down into valleys, and the valleys rolled into mountains again.

[*Page* 116

HEAD WINDS

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
PS3505.C76H3 Head winds,
3 9353 00079 0897
RELEASE

BY

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

PS
3505
C76
H3

ILLUSTRATED

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
HOUSE LIBRARY
03435

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK:::::::::::::::::::: 1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published September, 1916

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Adoption	1
Chavero	27
Quilten	51
The Trawler	81
Mother Machree	123
Down River	159
Colors!	197
The Camera Man	237

ILLUSTRATIONS

Mountains of slate-blue water rolled down into valleys, and the valleys rolled into mountains again *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

An imaginative boy with great dreams in his head . 38

Without a word he began to shoot 50

"The *Arbiter's* to anchor in the stream and her flag's to half-mast" 86

"There's no half white—a man's a nigger or he's a white man" 182

He with an ear bent heedfully down to hear a lot of very earnest talk 196

THE ADOPTION

The Adoption

IN the long winter evenings at home—my father smoking and my mother with the gas-lamp drawn toward her so she could the better see to be mending the children's clothes—my father and mother would talk, though sometimes with not much chat to their talk, my father being one who would look long at the fire in the grate with great thoughts in his eyes it might be; and my mother, when she saw him like that, not wishful to disturb him.

He was captain of a huge, black coasting schooner, my father at this time, and gone long days to sea—two weeks or three to Norfolk, and back again in the long winter time—with great gales, it might be, roaring up and down the coast. And when he would come home, and in his Christmas slippers sit before the fire, my mother—that could talk as easy as flowing water when she liked—was never the one, as I say, to disturb him; for when then he did speak 'twas sometimes great things he would say.

He was a sociable man, my father, and neighbors would call in freely on him when they heard

he was home again; and 'twas Miles McDonough, the lame blacksmith, with the two helpers at the head of the coal dock, who came in to smoke and to gossip and pass the first leg of this winter's night with him; and it was Miles that saw my father was in for one of his long fasts of silence and so waited a decent interval before he spoke of anything but the health of my mother and the children and the bad weather out to sea.

"Did I see you passin' the door of my little shop at dark to-night—you an' the boss on your way home from the dock?" asks Miles by and by.

"You did," said my father.

"And the two of ye, ye had yer heads together," said Miles, "as if it was some great secret ye had between ye."

My father said nothing to that, only to stare at the red fire; and Miles—a lonesome widower and a childless man, a man given, when alone, to the reading of poetry—Miles was the kind would wait for a tale in patience.

By and by my father looked up at the clock with the two steeples ticking like mad on the mantel above the fireplace; and from the clock he looked over his shoulder at me; and when he did I bent low over my home lesson at one end of my mother's sewing-table.

up being mate of the great *Mabel Walker* to be master of the little *Henry Wing*.

"Master I'd rather be of the little *Henry*," says Tom Rockett, "than mate of a hundred *Mabel Walkers*. I'm head of my own home now," says Tom, "with my own wife and my own son growing up beside me, and if God is good, maybe more sons and daughters in time, and 'tis fitting," says Tom, "that a man full grown should be setting his own watches when he can."

A man, Tom Rockett, with great, careless ways to him, though not so careless at this time as in the days when no wife and baby he was looking forward to; and his wife that fond of him she couldn't bear to be parted from him; and the baby, too, that couldn't bear to be parted from him or her, she said; and so to sea trip after trip she would go with him, when safer ashore she would be, herself and the little boy baby.

"A sailor of mark he'll be if he so wishes," Tom would say. "'Twill be in his blood, for soaking in the brine and the breeze he is with his mother's milk—a great, brave man when he grows up, that men and women will be proud to do the will of."

And 'twas not so hard a life of it they had while Tom was mate of the great *Mabel Walker*, that had for master Wat Mason, the easy-going

old bachelor that liked well as the next to see young folks happy, and for second mate Jack Warren, that had a baby boy of his own to home, though without a mother that same boy was. But on the little *Henry Wing* 'twas less comfortable, and Tom was minded, lonesome as he knew he would be, not to let his wife and baby be coming aboard so often; but once more he let them, the baby being now three years old. "Not long now," says Mr. Wing, the junior owner, "before the new big one will be ready for sea, and that big one will be for you, Tom Rockett, to go master of."

But Tom was still in the little three-master, himself and his wife and little Henry Wing Rockett, his boy, that some wondered did he name after the man that had married Mabel Walker or after his vessel, so fond was he of his vessel. And a fine little vessel she was of her tonnage, a good one to sail; and sailing out past the Capes she came with us, Jack Warren being now first mate and myself second mate of the *Mabel Walker*. And Tom breasted the little *Henry* up to the great *Mabel*, and there he stayed, Tom driving the *Henry* powerfully to hold his own, and Wat Mason jogging along with no mind to hinder his worst enemy, let alone Tom Rockett that he was friendly to.

Up the coast we came together, past Nan-

tucket and over the shoals and up to Cape Cod of a winter's day. But no rounding the Cape that day, but glad we were to anchor in the lee of it when the wind hauled to the nor'west; and there we lay, a fleet of us, waiting for it to moderate; but no moderating to it that day—nor that night. Into the east it jumped, and with it a thick o' snow; and it snowed and snowed, great flakes and wind making always. And on our vessel we gave her more chain, and from others to wind'ard we could hear them paying out more chain; but from those to loo'ard no sound, because 'twas more than a hatful o' wind by now was blowing to smother all sound to loo'ard save the roar of the gale itself.

The snow passed and the wind backed into the nor'west, and now 'twas cold as frozen ice, and a gale behind to drive that cold into the bones of the best of us. And standing watch, long hours of that night, we wondered how the little *Henry Wing* fared, she lying inshore of us when the snow set in, and we hoping nothing was happening her; hoping so, but fearful inside of us, for coming down on the wings of the nor'wester to us was the roar of the surf booming up onto the sands; and long and low, with a wonderful reach for a sea to run, is the shore of Cape Cod lying thereaway.

Terrible things do happen in the night and no soul but God to know of it. "Look!" calls out the watch, and there was that in his voice made those of us but half awake to jump flying from our bunks to the deck.

'Twasn't yet the clear light o' morning, but even so we knew her—the little *Henry Wing* fast in the shoal water and the green-white surf breaking over her. And when the full light of sunrise came and we looked for sign of life on her, no life could we see, unless the figures lashed fast and high in her rigging could be alive; and small hope had any of us of that, for stiff and straight in the shrouds they hung, swinging this way and that as the shrouds would give to the wind, but on their own account no lift of arm or leg to show were they alive. And tossing this way and that in the surf, a capsized boat told us what had happened the others of them.

"They're dead," says Wat Mason—"frozen stiff, as they'd have to be after last night. And no good can we do 'em, even if we would."

But Jack Warren and myself had other thoughts while we studied together on what had happened aboard the vessel. "It was a sea boarded her and washed her cabin-house and all on deck away, and into the rigging they had to hurry," says Jack.

"And a hard thing," I says, "that we must look on while Tom Rockett and his wife do swing to every puff o' wicked wind in the toe of a winter's morning."

"Ay," says Jack to the skipper, he listening to the pair of us—"Tom and his wife and whoever else it might be hangin' between 'em, and we look on and not try to cut 'em down?"

"Are you sure it's them?" asks Captain Mason.

"Leave it to me and Dan that ought by now to know—them and the little lad it might be hangin' between them," says Jack Warren, and passed the long glass to Captain Mason.

"It's hard," says our captain when by 'n' by he puts down the glass. "I know it's hard, and you three—you Jack and Dan and Tom Rockett such great friends—and of the rest of us none but what liked him. But I can't order men to go into a boat a day like this."

"There were never twenty men gathered together in one ship," says Jack Warren, "but enough were standing by to man a boat." He turns to me. "You'll go with me, Dan?"

"I'll go with you, boy, to the lid o' hell," I says.

Three more came and Jack Warren to steer her, and we made our way, the devil hindering but God helping, till in time we laid the boat into the lee of the *Henry Wing*.

The Adoption

'Twas me climbed to where the frozen bodies were lashed in the iced-up rigging, and first I looked to the wife of Tom Rockett, and mother o' God!—a night half as cold would have been enough, what with the poor bit o' clothes was wrapped around her. And Tom Rockett with not even his greatcoat to his back through the cold of that winter night! But there was one with clothes enough—the little boy with his mother's wraps, and around them again his father's greatcoat—clothes enough to smother him but for the holes they'd cut to let in and out his breath.

Alive he was; and him I passed down first; and then his father and mother; and we laid them in our boat and put back to our own vessel. And if I haven't said before it was a bad day, I'll say it now. It was a wicked day, with a tide that was racing black as a belching of smoke through an ocean of milk between the two vessels. And coming alongside the vessel, me with the little boy in the bow watching my chance to leap aboard the big schooner, over went our boat and into the sea we all went. And when from out of the sea they hauled us, gone was Jack Warren that had clung to his steering oar to the last to hold the boat's bow against the vessel; and with him went the frozen bodies of the baby's father and mother.

My father stopped, and, "It is so the sea will claim its own, sometimes when there do seem to be small need of it," said Miles McDonough.

Twenty years past (said my father again) and gone it is now, and praying won't bring him back, but a fine man was lost that morning to save Tom Rockett's baby. I laid the baby in my bunk in the cabin of the *Mabel Walker*, and as I did 'twas the two lonely eyes of him were drowned in tears for sight of the father and mother that he couldn't understand was gone. And 'twas me was nurse to him on that road to Boston, and 'twas me was for taking the poor child to my own home, knowing how Annie would say, even as she did say when I brought Jack Warren's little fellow home to her later—"Will you take him in —Jack Warren's boy—Annie Donlin?" I said, and "That I will!" she says—"and our own maybe will make him forget, him growing up with them, poor heart, his mother so long dead and his poor father that's just gone down into the sea from him."

You mind the day, Anneen?

"I mind the day," said my mother, "a fine, bright day that's never grown dark in my memory."

But that was later (went on my father). 'Twas Henry Wing's wife, Mabel Walker that was, that was at the dock to meet me when ashore from the

Mabel Walker I stepped with Tom Rockett's boy. 'Twas in love she'd been, if ever a woman was in love, with Tom Rockett before she married Henry Wing. 'Twas a long time before I thought it, but one thing and another—me sailing mate with Tom Rockett, never a day our vessel made Boston but Mabel Walker would be to the office; and all the while the *Mabel* lay in port, 'twas in the office she'd be. And when 'twould be me and not Tom Rockett would come to the office to report the vessel, 'twould be asking after my wife and the children the poor girl would be to get me talking, for 'tis the foolish tongue I have of Annie Donlin and the young ones, when themselves are not by to grow overproud with hearing it; and from that 'twould be easy to ask how the vessel was making out, and Mr. Rockett, how was he? But from the day Tom Rockett married she never came near the office, and by and by she married Henry Wing, that all along her people had been wishful for her to marry, if what the clerks in the office did say was true.

I came ashore from the wreck of the *Henry Wing* with Tom Rockett's baby in my arms, and what with the newsboys in the street selling the accounts of the wreck, all was known before us. "What will you do with the child, Mr. Donlin?" says Mrs. Wing.

And I told her how 'twas the great friends Tom Rockett and myself were, and how I knew he would be turning his eyes from the other world to see that his baby shouldn't be beholden to some charity institution for his bringing up.

"Let me have him, Mr. Donlin," she says, "and no charity institution will he go to. Let me have him!" she says, and the fright was in her eyes that I would not.

"But Annie, my wife," I says, "and Tom Rockett's wife that's dead—'tis great friends they were."

"Tell your wife," she says, "that none of my own have I, and God knows my soul and body have hungered for one. Let me have him, Mr. Donlin, and it's never he will want in this world for what a child should have. A great man I'll make of him and a great business he will fall into, with thousands to jump to his nod when a man he's grown to be."

And I let her have him, and, true to her word, a great business he did fall into when Henry Wing and then herself died; and thousands there are to jump to his nod at this very moment. Of something of that it may be I was thinking when today I saw him, myself coming up from the vessel and himself standing in the doorway of his office; but of what he was thinking never a no-

tion had I, when into his private office he called me.

"Captain Donlin," says he, "have you an hour to spare?"

"That and more, Mr. Rockett," I said.

It was in the large chair where only the notables of his acquaintance had ever sat that he set me; and from a drawer in his desk he passed me a box of his fine cigars; and a moment or two he gave me to light up.

"Do you know, captain," he says, "that I never heard from you how you found me twenty years ago in the rigging of the *Henry Wing*. Others have told me, but never you."

And I told him, him sitting by the window with the darkness falling and the pair of us looking down the gray harbor the while I talked. And when I'd done he bowed his head, and bowed his head again, more like an old man than a young one, and said: "Now and again I've heard those that said, meaning it not for my ears, that 'twas a lucky day for Tom Rockett's son when the *Henry Wing* went ashore on the sands of Cape Cod. And they doubtless meant no harm in saying it, and, Captain Donlin, no harm in my hearing it, till the day came when I began to think myself that it *was* a lucky day for me the night the *Henry Wing* went ashore."

He sat there, his face like ice that's been frozen black in the winter nor'west wind, and I wondered what was he thinking. Twenty-three years you are, I thought to myself, the same age as our Jackie, thick-set as ever your father was, maybe thicker; but softer, for more o' good living you've seen than had ever your father, but a lot of your father's looks in you yet—a strong-looking man that many would call handsome.

"And you no longer think it's a lucky day, Mr. Rockett?" I asked him when I saw that 'twas helping out he wanted, he a young, masterful man so looked up to all his life that he'd never learned what it was to share his heart with any but his own self.

"No longer do I think so," he says, and then, quick like: "You have a son?"

"I have six," I says, "by nature, and one by adoption."

"It's your adopted son, John Warren, I have in mind," he says—"one of my stevedores, John Warren."

"And what have you against him, Mr. Rockett?" said I, feeling the rough edge in his voice.

"I'm saying nothing against him, captain. I'm only thinking that if my foster-father taught me one thing, it was to sit down and think things out. John Warren's wages in the whole year are

maybe equal to my income for one short week, and me like to be making more, many times more, some day. But he's had in his life, captain, what I never had."

"And what is that?" I asked—"and him a poor boy."

"I'm not sure I know," he said. "But I've walked home with him evenings to see what it was. Women would pass us, old and young, lovely and otherwise, and some would look at me, but all would look at him—and he no taller, nor broader, nor, as most people would have it, any better to look at than I, for, in all justice, am I a repulsive object to look at, Captain Donlin?"

"You're far from that," I said.

"And my manners and dress are equal to the next man's. And if 'twas the two of us going into a club, captain, or private house, and our names sent in before us, it is jumping down to look after me the servants—yes, and masters, too—would come, leaving your adopted son to shift for himself. I mean no harm by that, captain, but so it is."

"I know nothing of club life or grand homes," I said, "but I can well believe it."

"But the two of us, captain, walking through the crowded streets with none to know which is the shipowner and which his stevedore, it is to

him they look. Women sometimes are pleasant to me, but when they look at him their eyes grow lightsome. I call to children, with money in my open palm, and sometimes they come to me, and sometimes they won't; but let him beckon his empty finger and they come like leaping lambs to his side. No gifts have we that we can't account for. How comes he by that, Captain Donlin?"

"You've your gift, Mr. Rockett."

"What is it?" he asks.

"You've a wonderful head for business—one of the wonderful young men of the country—all men say, and like to be a great captain of industry before you die."

"It may be," he says. "But isn't that because I have been trained to it? My foster-father saw to that, captain, before he died. But I might have had a head for something else—something not to be measured by freightage, or tonnage, or dollars. I might, I say, but I haven't. Do you know what I mean now, Captain Donlin?"

I held my peace.

"And you did well," put in Miles, when he saw that my father had stopped. "'Tis not always wise to agree with a man when he's cursing the luck life's brought him. But of what were you thinkin', Dan?"

"I was thinking, Miles, that 'twas a good and a fond woman that had brought him up, but a fond and foolish woman, too, and fond and foolish women are more like to train those they love in the way to give them the least pain than to do them the most good."

"But I said nothing of that thought, Miles, to him. What I did say was: "'Twas an honest man, and a man of education, who saw to your education, Mr. Rockett."

"Yes," he said. "An educated man, and as honest as the next—and no more. And you're not the first man to tell me that Tom Rockett, my father, was something of a man."

"He was that," I said. "A full man."

"And I should by all rights have been a full man to-day, Captain Donlin. The little spark o' Tom Rockett that's left in me knows that to-night. It's you should have taken me home, Captain Donlin, as you took Jack Warren's boy home, and on your knee that's danced a dozen of your own, and in the bosom o' that wife of yours that's mothered a dozen, there I'd learned —without knowing I was learning—what it is that means most in life. 'Twas I, too, should 'a' known what a pinched belly was and bare feet to cold flagging, for 'twas in my nature to suffer and no harm in the withstanding of it, me that was

Tom Rockett's son; but it was not for me, and so to-day there's little besides the bossing of two thousand men that I have to show for my upbringing. John Warren's father and John Warren's mother, good as they were, were no better than the father and mother that died that I might live. But to-day John Warren stands a better man than I."

"I'm Jack's father like now, Mr. Rockett," I said to that, "and so no fair judge. Who is it tells you so?"

"A girl—and only this very day. 'I want no tale of your fleets and your millions,' she said. 'When a woman's lost her youth and her hope of love from the man she wants, maybe then 'tis fleets and millions she'll be ready to look at. And if the women you've known heretofore haven't told you as much, it's either fearing or jeering you they were,' she said."

"Young women overhappy in love are sometimes overproud, too, when least they think it," was the best I could say to that; "but it might be, too, I could not but think that you that is Henry Wing's adopted son and trained to his way of thinking didn't think to forget, for the while, that you were boss of two thousand men."

There seemed to be no further word from my

father or Miles, and so my mother left her mending and stood up to make the pot of tea that never a night of his life at home did my father go to bed without.

"And where is Jackie to-night, Mrs. Donlin?" asked Miles.

"Where would he be," said my mother, "and he now a great, strong man of twenty-three and wishful to marry—where but calling on the girl that chose him before Henry Wing's adopted son."

"It is great news," said Miles to that. "But aside from knowing her own mind, which it is plain she does, I'm curious to know what kind is she elsewise, Mrs. Donlin."

And my mother said: "Rare and lovely she is, and 'tis Jackie's children will never want for a mother's love and he marries her."

Said Miles then: "I'm thinking, Mrs. Donlin, that 'tis more than lovely and rare she must be, when one good woman can speak so of another that's about to take him that's good as her eldest son from her."

"'Tis time you had your cuppeen o' tea with Dan," said my mother, and passed them their cups.

Miles drank his cup and set it down. "God save you and us, Dan, against the day you'll go

as Tom Rockett and Jack Warren went," said Miles.

"God save us against it, too!" said my father; "but which of us is it can choose his own way of going at the last?"

And hearing him say that, and the way he said it, my little brother Dannie, that slept in the little room off where we were, but wasn't now asleep at all, he began to cry to himself; and my mother heard him, and, pretending to great wrath, "The little torment!" she said, "awake at this hour of night!"

"Whisht!" said my father, "let be the poor lad!"—and went in and bent over the little bed. "Who is it," he said, "that's sobbing here like wee little waves crying out through the vessel's scuppers in the dark night? Oh-h, Oh-h—here he is! Come here, avick!" and took Dannie up and held him, a round ball like, curled up to his breast, and carried him out by the stove and danced him, Dannie sitting atop of one of his Christmas slippers, to the tune of "Three Score and Ten, Sir." A jog of his foot and a yard into the air Dannie would go, while my father sang:

"The *Jennie Lee* has put to sea
With the swash a-floodin' her rail, sir.
'What kind is she when runnin' free?'
'Oh, the divil 'n' all to sail, sir!'

"Then drive the *Jennie* around the Cape
And whistle her down the coast, sir!
And back she'll come four thousand tons
O' coal for the Christmas roast, sir!"

And when he had had enough of that my father put him back in bed, and my mother tucked him snug in again, scolding and kissing him together, and my father left the room door wide open for the heat of the fire the better to go in to him; and poked up, too, the fire so Dannie might look out from his bed and see the red color shining out through the grate.

"The foolish whims of you!" said my mother. "The fire will die now in the night, and you have your breakfast to eat in the cold room of a winter morning."

"And let it ten times die!" laughed my father. "Fast enough the cold will go when above the blue sea the bright sun will come lepping. This time to-morrow night it is maybe over Nantucket shoals I'll be thrashin' that long brute of a five-master, and then 'tis the picture of him I want to have before me—the shining eyes of him lookin' out at the warm, rosy coals, the while my own do be lookin' out on the cold black waters."

Miles stood up to put on his coat and, reaching for his cane, he said: "A pity it is when the wreck of a vessel isn't always ended with them that's

lost in her. And yet that same Tom Rockett's son—he must be something of a man for all that, Dan?"

"He is that, Miles. Could be Tom Rockett's son—even after twenty years—and not have something of Tom Rockett in him?"

"Poor boy!" said my mother, softly, then. "To have so much and so little! But as my own mother, God rest her soul, would say: 'The full o' grace, and the height o' place—'tis too much to be asking for at the one time!'"

CHAVERO

Chavero

I WAS on my way to the plaza for my morning cup of chocolate, when I met Luis Chavero. He pointed his cane to where, far out to sea, the smoke of many ships smudged the sky, and took from his shoulder a pair of glasses that I might have a better look.

It was a fleet of American war-ships; and to see them come steaming in—boiling white bows, trailing black stacks, and the after-flame and roar of their saluting battery, was perhaps as Chavero phrased it: to put the fear of great guns into little countries.

Chavero's little country was Jenagua, and he was of the Nationals, who were then on top in Jenagua; and lying outside the reefs of Santa Cruz, as our fleet bowled in, was the *Orizaba*, with 50,000 rifles and 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition for the Nationals.

As American consul at Santa Cruz, I called, in proper time, on the flag-ship. Chavero, who took me out in his power-boat, would not come on

deck with me. He preferred to tinker with the engine while he waited; he was also an amazingly shy, sensitive man who did not like to butt in on people.

The admiral wanted to know something of Jenaguan politics. What I could say was that the best of the Jenaguan leaders seemed to be of the Nationals. The rank and file did not always know what they were fighting for; but, honestly led, they would be a hard crowd to beat; at least, they did not seem to mind being killed.

"And probably won't," commented the admiral, "until they fall into fat ways of living. At least, that is how the historians have it. But this General Podesta of the Nationals—what of him?"

"Podesta"—it gave me some pleasure to say it —"is a grafter and a fake fighter, with a first-class publicity bureau to acquaint the public with what a great fellow he is."

My answer did not shock the admiral. I did not suppose it would. I already knew that Podesta had sent word that there would be no trouble—he would himself see to it that the *Orizaba* would not land her munitions of war.

"I was wondering," the admiral answered, "what sort of a patriot he could be—not to want to land a small-arms cargo for his army. But,

so long as he is ready to make it easy for us, why, it would be foolish for us not to let him."

After I had done absorbing a smoke and swapping the more or less official gossip of war, and was on my way from the admiral's cabin, a mess-boy waylaid me to say that Mr. Chavero was in Mr. Trench's room, and would I call in there for him?

Chavero, it seems, was waiting, unobtrusively as if he were my serving-man, in the stern-sheets of his motor-boat, when Lieutenant Ned Trench spied him from the quarter-deck. Trench was a young officer whom I had also met before.

"If it isn't good old Luis Chavero!" cried Trench; and Chavero had to come aboard, and step down to the ward-room country for a drink. In those days it was still permissible for an officer to think of his ship as his home, and treat a guest accordingly.

"I suppose you know," said Trench, as I stepped in off the passageway, "that the señor here is the party who used to come down to the Navy School and clean us up regularly at fencing?"

I knew it; but it was his wife, not Chavero, who had told me. I knew that he had also done

many other things while at school in the United States of which he did not boast.

At this point the mess-boy brought in the needful ingredients for a Navy cocktail, and Gallord, a marine lieutenant, was for mixing it; but Trench waved him off. "You know, Gallie, that up home we never would allow everybody to mix a julep or a Christmas egg-nog."

"That so?" retorted Gallord. "You take so much gin, so much vermouth, a dash of orange juice, plenty of cracked ice, throw 'em together, and shake. Where's the mystery?"

"The same that's in a silver sunrise, or in poetry. It's hard to explain, but it's there—and it gets you. Go 'way now and sit down, and maybe I'll let you shake and pour."

"Poetry!" howled Gallord. "Talk men's talk, Neddo." Gallord plainly was no dreamer under the moon, but one of the energetic kind who always wanted to be doing something. For one thing alone any mess should have been glad to have him: he was never afraid to thrash out an argument; he believed in getting to the bottom of things. He turned to Chavero now.

"Señor, you've been educated in God's country, married an American wife, seen things done right up to the handle in the United States—it's men like you ought to be educating 'em up to

up-to-date methods down here. What's the matter with the people down here that they can't seem to govern themselves?

"There must be a reason," persisted Gallord, when Chavero only smiled. "Don't tell me they are harder to break to harness. That's only talking it up for individualism, and that never gets any country anywhere. Team-work is the thing in this twentieth century. Don't mind my talking out, señor—somebody ought to tip 'em off down here to get together."

Trench, having properly mixed the cocktail, had passed Gallord the shaker; which Gallord now held high to explain one more thing before filling the glasses. "And there's that sniping, señor, if we land. Anybody not in uniform and firing a shot at us will be shot on the spot, if caught."

Luis nodded that he understood; but presently he also said: "And yet, if I recall my American history correctly, your men of Concord and Lexington were snipers."

Gallord took one hand from the shaker to wave that argument out of the air-port. "Oh, but that was different, señor! That——"

"Say, Gallie," interrupted Trench, "before you try to get any more of that stuff out of your system, some of us would like to ask what we left a cool awning topside for?"

"Huh—what? Oh-h!" Gallord finished his shaking and filled the little glasses. "Señor—and you, consul—no hard feelings, señor—glad to see you aboard."

"I am honored to be aboard," replied Chavero. "Mr. Gallord, Trench, gentlemen—I salute you!"

I stayed to dinner. They tried to get Chavero to stay to dinner, too. But he explained that he had shore business which he could not forego; and so they let him go.

I was hurried ashore from that dinner later—by a cable from the press service which I sometimes served in emergencies. They wished to know how the arrival of our ships in Santa Cruz would affect the political situation in Jenagua.

Chavero, the wealthiest citizen and the most active National in that part of Jenagua, was of course the man to tell me. I called up his home, his club, then his friend, Colonel Ramon, at the barracks. On Ramon's advice I called up the office of Aguirrez, Chavero's old family lawyer; there he was, and there I met him.

After we had left the lawyer's office I told Chavero exactly what I wanted to know, and why I wanted to know it. "First, the ammunition ship outside—are the Nationals going to land her cargo to-night?"

"And should we land it," he countered, "what will happen?"

"It is no secret—our ships will take Santa Cruz."

"Doubtless. And so General Podesta thinks of a certainty. You recollect the young Colonel Ramon?"

I recollected Ramon, the romantic. He was then in command of the National forces in Santa Cruz. I also recollected, which was doubtless what Chavero had in mind, the first night Chavero had pointed him out to me: Ramon disguised as a charcoal-burner and sighing up to a girl in a balcony, she made up as her own maid. And so Ramon had come many a night to Santa Cruz before the Nationals had taken the city. But that was all past—they were now married and happy.

"What of Colonel Ramon?" I asked.

"Podesta has withdrawn three-fourths of Ramon's forces from Santa Cruz."

"But why?"

"Who knows!" Chavero had been smiling sardonically to himself all the way up the street. "Possibly there is a good reason," he said presently. "Colonel Ramon, as General Podesta well knows, is young, brave, headstrong; wherefore the general, great soul, to remove Ramon's last possible temptation to resist, only to-day said to him:

'Colonel, my comrade, you love your wife. You adore your child. They love and adore you. I would preserve you to them, and them to you. What is of more moment in this life than the happiness of our beloved? Colonel, my comrade,' he continues, 'do not land our supplies while the American war-ships are here. To do so may be your death, and then what becomes of your adored wife and little one? Do not; I beseech you, not as your commander, but as your friend —and the ice-making concession of Santa Cruz shall be yours when this war is over.'

"So," mused Chavero, "did the noble General Podesta speak to-day. But we are here."

It was at his home we had arrived. Chavero's wife and boy were waiting for him. She was an invalid, and it was in the hope of benefiting her that Chavero had moved from the high mountain capital of Jenagua only the year before. The doctors then had it that the warm, relaxing air of Santa Cruz would rest up her heart; but the last specialist who had come down from the capital held out no hope. Any severe shock might take her off, he said.

She was reclining in an extension chair when we entered, listening to the boy, who was reading a fairy-tale, making the English into Spanish as he read. It was notable that, although he was

twelve years of age already, she talked nothing but Spanish to him; Chavero nothing but English. He was a fine boy—I had had many talks with him: an imaginative boy, with great dreams in his head. They, I knew, had great hopes for him.

They had been waiting up only to see him. They soon said good night to me. Chavero, bidding me wait, picked her up and carried her up-stairs. The boy, in the native costume which his mother so liked to see him in, bounded on before them. Soon I could hear Chavero romping with the boy; after another interval I could hear Chavero singing a Jenaguan love-song to her.

She was an American girl who had come to Jenagua with misgivings, and had wound up by becoming an ardent Jenaguan, the not-uncommon ending of Northerners who had come to Jenagua to live. Having known her people up home, I thought I could understand it. To the Jenaguan people, to deny natural and innocent emotions is a hypocrisy, and, in the case of pure affection, a cruelty. Chavero's wife was a normal human being who must have affection; or at least the expression of it. Chavero had loved her; and thereafter what he believed in she believed in—possibly believed more intensely than he.

Chavero returned; we went into the garden.

It was his wife's hobby—the garden. When Chavero had first seen her, she was picking flowers in her father's garden, an incident never forgotten by her or him. It was a dream place, this Jenaguan garden: a little brook with silver fishes leaping under shaded lights; wonderful bushes borne down with brilliant flowers; hedges cut straight and level as a T-square.

"These forces of yours, Chavero—how will they fight?" I asked after a while. I was thinking only of Ramon's forces, and the near possibilities for Santa Cruz; but he plainly had in mind the forces of all Jenagua, and the future of the whole country.

"Fight? You should know them by this time," he answered reproachfully. "What man will not fight if he must? As for these——"

I knew something of them: peons mostly, what we would call pick-and-shovel men at home, stout fellows who had been putting in ten and twelve hours a day of the heaviest toil under the hot sun for a paper peso a day. To them the game of war seemed a sort of diversion. And with plenty to eat, time to sleep, and the fighting just often enough to keep up the excitement—from their point of view, why shouldn't they? They might even have the comforts of home—bring along their womenfolk to do the cooking and

An imaginative boy, with great dreams in his head.

solace them in lonely hours. It was the life for a man! As for being killed? So is there a headache, perhaps, after a drink. The headache may come, but in the meantime the drink is good.

"It is true," resumed Chavero, "that they do not know too much of the world's affairs. And there is the pity—to mislead them when they are so trustful." He took another turn or two. "Listen, my friend. While I was yet at college, my good and wise father still alive, I met many men who desired only to be given a chance to fight. Some did not ask if the cause were good or bad—they did not care, so that it offered adventure. Such were quite often good fighters, but as likely later to be fighting against us. But some there were who wished to know that it was a good cause. If a losing cause, all the better. Such were the idealists—visionaries some called them—great fighting men. Such I tried to win to my cause.

"But the fighting was not the difficult matter for us. We were a trustful people. We were most slow to learn that there are such men as professional patriots, even as there are professional politicians, financiers, soldiers, even, I have found—I have so great difficulty to impress this upon Mrs. Chavero—professional churchmen. To women the robes of high station, even as to men

the large words of demagogues, are enormously imposing.

"However, to proceed. Again and again the self-seekers sold us out. But in time we began to understand that to win, we must handle the self-seekers in a practical way. Podesta, a self-seeker always, is now ready to sell out."

"Sell out! To whom? Not to my country?"

"To your country?—no, my friend. I do not accuse your country. But there are people who will benefit immensely if your country takes over Jenagua. And mind you, my friend, I am one who believes that this entire northern continent shall in time become part of your country. But that time is not yet. For you now, for any country, to say to us, 'We are better fitted to govern you than are you yourselves,' that is but to impress us, not with your greatness, but with your self-sufficiency." He thought a moment; and then laughed softly. "It is not on the list of sins, self-sufficiency, but it should be. No, no, a nation, even as an individual, must fight her own way up to the light—no one may expiate for us our sins, even as no one should deny to us our virtues."

"That is all fine, Chavero, but if you attempt to land your munitions of war, we will take Santa Cruz—and how will you stop us?"

"My dear friend, we cannot stop you."

"And after Santa Cruz it may be all Jenagua we shall take."

"No, no, you will not—you would be ill-advised to attempt that. You know us. We have an army of men who can take a rifle, a bag of maize, a pair of straw sandals, and go forty, fifty, sixty miles a day over the mountain trails, stopping only here and there at the water-holes—and they know where every water-hole is. They go to battle as to a fiesta. True, they may not always go in uniform, but that will not make them less brave or less determined. An army of four hundred thousand men were needful to conquer the Boers. We are more numerous than the Boers, our country more difficult for strangers to campaign in."

"But we would finally conquer you."

"Not conquer—crush. And surely your great country will not do that."

"But Podesta has ordered the supplies not to be landed?"

"But not in writing. Ramon wishes it in writing. If he will but give the order in writing, a copy of that order will be posted on every wall of Santa Cruz, and printed in every Nationalist newspaper in Jenagua within twenty-four hours. And then—p-s-s-t—Podesta would have to flee the country."

"Unless, of course, Ramon, a poor man, should get to thinking overmuch of the ice concession?"

"It is true," said Chavero gravely. "He is poor—the comfort of his wife and child mean everything to him. As he said to me at dinner to-night, 'It is grand to be a hero, but what becomes of one's wife and child?' An inspiring observation! and so, this very night, the matter was arranged. If Colonel Ramon dies in defense of Santa Cruz to-morrow, his wife and child, while they live, shall draw a pension equal to the ice-making concession. Is it not what you call in your country"—he smiled broadly—"practical politics?"

I knew then that it was the Chavero estate which would guarantee the pension, but I was more concerned with the Chavero of the morrow. I took his hand. "Chavero, you too have a wife and child. Remember what Gallord said to-day on the ship. You are not a soldier—do not mix up in any fighting."

"No? And yet—" with a shrug and a smile—"what a law, that a man must get into livery to defend his home or his country!"

I left him there, smiling up from a path in his garden to the wonderful stars.

That night, as all men know now, the munitions of war were landed from the *Orizaba;* when our

people learned it, boat-loads of men were hurried ashore.

Lieutenant Trench commanded the first landing party. From the top of the steamship company's building I could see him marching his bluejackets along the water-front to the marine park, between the custom-house and the harbor. He had a battery of field-pieces with him.

The war-supplies had been stored in the custom-house, and Trench's orders were to recapture them. Podesta had said that there would be no opposition and our people had banked on that; but while Trench was yet midway of the park, Jenaguan riflemen showed at the windows and roof of the custom-house, and fired a few shots, as if by warning, over his head.

Trench waved his men to lie flat. When they did so the riflemen disappeared. Trench then ordered an advance. Instantly the riflemen reappeared at windows and roof, and volleyed, but this time not over our fellows' heads. I could see the little jets of water thrown up in the morning sun where the Jenaguan bullets would strike in the park fountains; I could see pieces of small statuary begin to wabble, or suddenly go plunging off their pedestals to the asphalt walk.

It was a hot, sultry morning, and our men in heavy marching gear. They must have been

lathered in sweat as they ran on. Sometimes one dropped.

Trench, I knew, would not stand for the loss of many of his men. I had sat beside him at dinner the evening before, and I knew that he held no feeling against these Jenaguans—in their place he would be firing, too; but the Jenaguan point of view had nothing to do with him now.

Trench waved his arm; and his field-pieces at once began shelling. The custom-house was a good-sized building; but of adobe mostly, stiffened up with brick partitions. I could see without glasses the hole torn by the first shell in the wall. No great harm in that; but when it exploded inside, it must have done harm. The second shell also exploded inside. I could tell that by the clouds of dust and bricks and plaster which came puffing through the windows.

They must have blotted them out by squads inside. After the second shell those who had been manning the windows began to tumble inward; some fell outside the walls. There were men in civilian clothes among them. When Trench's shell-fire ceased no windows were needed to look into that custom-house; and what men were left there must have been lying with the cases of war-stuff under the ruins.

After the custom-house went, it took but little

time to clean up the rest of the water-front. The Jenaguans had only rifles, and to meet a shell with a rifle is like throwing a pebble against a lightning-bolt; but after the water-front was cleaned up the job still remained of making sure that no armed Jenaguans remained within the city. Some, retreating stubbornly, had been seen to disappear into houses up-town; and so began the combing of Santa Cruz from cellar to roof.

Trench's shipmate, Gallord, was given a block on one side of the plaza to overhaul. To make a thorough job of it, he began with the house farthest from the plaza, starting with the street floor and going up through, taking room after room and floor after floor. From the roof of that house he went down through the next house and into the court in the rear. It was room after room, floor after floor, ground floor to roof, and so on, up and down, up and down, house after house.

Surprised men and women within the houses protested, and sometimes had to be bundled out of the way. It was usually quietly done, with a question, a quick look around, and on their way again. Where doors would not open quickly they had, of course, to be forced; but there was little needless noise, or roughness; and above all no outrages.

So did Gallord and his men arrive at the sec-

ond last house of this block and, rushing from the top floor down, were greeted with a rifle-crack and a bullet from behind a closed door. One of his men dropped. Another crack and another dropped.

"Get him!" ordered Gallord. His men volleyed through the door; and again and again to his order. When they broke in the door the Jenaguan lay dead; but one of their own wounded men was already dead, and the other out of action for the day. Gallord left a guard for them, and hurried on.

It was a fine, large house, the next one. Beyond the patio wall they could see the clipped hedges; could smell, above the reek and sweat and red heat of the day, the fragrance of flowers. On any other occasion they would probably have entered softly, reverently, so plain was the evidence of peace and culture here where fountains were spurting, birds fluttering, and somewhere a woman's gentle voice calling. But they had just left a dead comrade, and no knowing when another might go the same way; so it was a rapid rush, with heads up, eyes about, bayonets fixed and finger on trigger, but for all their hurry making no noise.

Above a gorgeous bush an alert marine saw a conical high straw hat of the kind so often worn

by the natives. "There's one—waiting for us! Look, sir!—crouchin' behind that hedge!" exclaimed the marine.

Gallord saw the hat and thought of the dead man behind; and then the marine said huskily: "He's moving—shall I get him, sir!"

"Get him!" snapped Gallord. The marine fired. Three or four others fired with him. The hat dropped down out of sight.

A native Indian girl came running out of the house then. She raised her finger to her lips. "Sh-h—" she said, "sh-h—" and looked around. She called out some words in a low voice. There was no answer. She stood on her toes, looked around, and in the most mournful voice called again.

The marine who had first seen the hat was known to be good at Spanish. "What's she saying?" demanded Gallord.

The man looked at his officer; but made no other answer.

Gallord shook him. "You heard me! What did she say?"

"She was calling to some one to come into the house—that his mother was dying. 'Twas him we shot!"

Gallord rushed around the hedge. "Good Christ!" he said—"let's get out of here!" It

was a beautiful young boy they had killed—his arms full of flowers.

It was Chavero's boy who was killed by Gallord's men, and the boy's mother who died of the shock of it; and what the Jenaguan Nationalist papers said of it is not pleasant reading. What some of our people said later of Chavero—neither is that pleasant reading.

Some inescapable horrors of war are too often charged to the cruelty of the officers and men in it; even as the abnormal conduct of a man under a great strain is so often marked up as the evidence of a concealed wicked nature. Gallord was not a brute; nor were his men; no more than Chavero was the cold-blooded sniper so many of our people—good people, too—set him down as being. Perhaps I have stretched this statement of the Santa Cruz affair overmuch to prove these things; but Chavero was my friend at the time, as Gallord became later.

Chavero came home that morning, after taking the dead body of Colonel Ramon from the ruins of the custom-house. He was covered with grime and plaster and blood, and warned his body-servant, who let him in, not to tell the mistress he had come until after he had cleaned and dressed up.

Chavero went straight to his room to clean up; and he was still at that business when they both, master and servant—this is the testimony of the body-servant later—heard the rifle-firing in the garden. It was not the firing; at even closer quarters—just outside Chavero's room in the plaza—there had been firing all day; but this terrifying silence that had all at once come over his house!

He hurried to finish his dressing; but did not finish it. Suddenly he broke off and bounded down-stairs; and found—what he found. After one long, silent look, he sent the servants from the room. They were hill Indians mostly, and now —they so told it afterward—they went without a word, crying only a little after a sight of their master's face.

The servants never agreed on how long their master was there; but ten, twenty, thirty minutes, whatever it was, he remained alone with his dead; when he reopened the door to them again, their mistress was laid out on a couch. The young master was lying beside her. A Jenaguan flag was laid across their breasts; and over this flag their hands were folded.

Chavero had a large armorer's case in the large hall; from that he took two automatic pistols, loaded them, and stepped onto the large

balcony looking onto the plaza, where by now some hundreds of marines and bluejackets, having completed their housework, were standing or lying at ease. Chavero drooped a Jenaguan flag over the balcony rail and stood, a pistol in each hand and all in white—white trousers, white shirt, white shoes, no collar, no coat, no hat—no one in the plaza could overlook him. He was tall, too, with hair very black and very thick.

Without a word he began to shoot. He seemed to be aiming at no particular person; but his first shot went through a marine's left shoulder, his second through the right lung of another beside him. By that time our men had leaped to their rifles. It was hardly more than a hundred yards across the plaza. They could not miss him; and they did not—a dozen men were firing at once. But he held his feet until he had emptied both automatics.

I reached him before he died. "Surely, friend, the boy should have been allowed to live," he said; and for some minutes I thought they were to be his last words. Then he almost smiled. "But in twenty-four hours Jenagua will be aflame. Whether the pretenders wish it or do not wish it. Jenagua! Jenagua! Jenagua! that must be their war-cry."

With that he passed away.

Without a word he began to shoot.

QUILTEN

Quilten

HARE was watching, had for some time been watching, the billiard-players. He roused himself to say:

"The angle the cue-ball takes whenever after it strikes the cushion—the reverse English, is it? —it keeps surprising me. I can't help thinking it surprises the players—not the master ones, but the others, sometimes."

Later, in the grill-room, he said: "We poor humans—we are like that cue-ball. Something, don't you think? Our natures receive a twist—by inheritance or from environment—and across the table of life we go rolling. And everything is fine—anybody can tell where we'll fetch up—if we don't bump into something.

"But if we do! And the people who put the initial twist into us quite often blame us the most —that is, when they don't know. Sometimes they know, but don't care. They're going to put that twist into us no matter where we fetch up.

"I was thinking of Quilten," he resumed, after a while.

When at college (began Hare) Quilten was the one chap that we always felt we could lay our

money on. To do the things that Quilten did, in the set, stern way he did them, must have been with him a gift, an inheritance; so we used to reason.

At times I thought I could detect in Quilten a wavering from the ancestral rigidity. I had in mind a gleam in his eye when he was watching a little game of penny-ante; to which the crowd said "Hush!" when I spoke of it. Quilten cleaving his grandfather with a meat-axe or boiling his bony old grandmother in oil—he looked as if such things might be possible. But Quilten sitting into a game of chance— It was for me to begin to restrain my wild fancies.

I was more friendly than most with Quilten at college; but he wasn't the sort the fellows went out of their way to keep track of, and so where he went to from college I did not know. But some years later I was one hot afternoon in a ticket-agency in Paris trying to make the clerk understand that although I wanted a first-class passage on the steamer—that is, from Havre to New York—I wanted, not a first-class, but a third-class train-ticket from Paris to Havre.

The clerk thought I was trying to save the difference in fares; and he once more patiently explained to me that the saloon passage to New York included also a first-class train-fare from

Paris to Havre—did I not comprehend? All the while I was articulating over and over to the clerk that I comprehended, but would he please give me what I asked for—I was aware of some one behind me taking in every word I said; and so, when at last I was given the tickets I wanted, I turned to see who he might be. It was Quilten.

I was gladder than ever I would have thought to see him. We shook hands, and he said: "Gad, but I'm glad to see you too, Hare!" and said it so heartily, with such a change from his old petrified bow and frozen "I'm quite well, thank you, and how are *you?*" that I gave him another look-over.

He hadn't changed much to look at—perhaps not quite so stiff in bearing, but still supercorrectly dressed and still a reminiscence of the manner of the man who always expects to be spoken to first. But his expression was surely more human than of old.

"Why are you taking that steerage-train to Havre?" was his first question after our greetings.

I told him why—to make sketches of the emigrants from south and eastern Europe who would be sure to be on the train. "And also," I added, "I am taking that train because of Chiliano Joe."

"Chiliano Joe? What about him?"

His curiosity was so real that I led the way to a bench to tell at ease the history of Joe Baldini,

the young Italian that I knew first in New York —an Italian, I say, though he never spoke of himself so. "I am S'ciliano," he would say, thumping his chest; and Chiliano Joe, as we boys pronounced it, was what we all came to call him.

The great Sicilian virtue, according to Joe, was to be able to settle your own quarrels. Which possibly was so, although when I came to know Sicily later—the Sicily of the coast, I mean—I never felt any less safe there than I did in the United States; but it is good to hear a man argue his case with enthusiasm.

Which Joe could do. There were the policemen in New York, for instance. For them to be standing on crowded crossings and save old women and fat men from being run over, that was a good business—oh, yes! But for so many other things —oh, no! In Sicily strong men settled their own quarrels in their own way. Joe was himself a strong man—a boxer, a wrestler, a phenomenal swimmer—a short, thick-set young fellow, so superbly muscled that of a day when business was dull he would quite often call around and pose for me as Hercules.

Joe was a bootblack, who gradually acquired a series of shoe-shining stands of a kind where the public were invited to roost upon elevated chairs, set their feet on brass-bound foot-moulds and stare

at themselves in fly-specked mirrors, while a row of boys chattering foreign idiom sawed grimy cloths across the public insteps.

Joe was a hard-working, honest youth who prospered. After ten years or so he sold out his little syndicate of shoe-stands and sailed to Sicily to be married to a girl whose photograph he had been carrying inside his breast pocket for four years that I knew of.

I looked to see him back in New York before the hot weather, but the war with Turkey was on; and the next thing we heard of him in New York he had gone off to fight the Turks in Africa. A few months after that, being in Italy, I thought to take a run down the coast to the seaport of Palermo, which was where Joe's people lived, and there I was one morning, watching a deck-load of sick and wounded soldiers disembarking, when a yellow skeleton from among them stopped and stared at me.

I stared at him, but until he spoke I did not know him. It was Joe, and he had been wounded; although to be wounded, as he began to tell me right away, was—p-s-s-s-t!—nothing. But the cholera that a man acquired in Morocco—that was something which did not depart from a man in one day, or one week, or one month—no, no.

I supported Joe to the carriage of Old Carlo,

my regular vetturino, who, it developed, was an old friend of Joe's also. While Carlo and I were stowing Joe in Carlo's vehicle, Joe went on to tell us how happy he was to be out of the war, out of the hospital, discharged of the army, and home to his wife once more. Carlo, shaking his head and muttering something which I could not make out, gave the whip to what passed for a horse in Palermo, and drove off with Joe.

Later, Carlo told me what had happened while Joe was fighting in Africa. There was a man, a snake of a man—such men exist, it is true, God only knows for what purpose—and Joe's wife was very beautiful, but also very young and—well, weak, as women, otherwise all that an honest man might desire, are sometimes. So Carlo rambled on until he told how she had eventually repented. But the rumor of Joe's home-coming had frightened her, and she had run off. And next day the man had gone also.

For a week or two after Joe came home he might as well have been back in the hospital in Morocco. Then a letter had come to him and he began to mend; and another letter had come; and one morning he hurried aboard the steamer to Naples, leaving only a word with Old Carlo for me, his old American friend, that he was so sorry he could not wait to say good-by; but

what he had to do he had to do, and without waste of time.

"No more did I see or hear of him until this very morning." So I continued to Quilten, who had listened with an interest which convinced me that I was a good story-teller or he a good actor. "A telephone call came for me at the pension. It was Joe, and he poured out his story to me, sometimes Americanese, sometimes in Sicilian patois—of how he had chased his enemy to Napoli, to Genova, to Milano, and now to Paris, where he was to leave that night by midnight third class to Havre—so he had learned—and by next day's steamer to New York. My address he had received from a New York ally and friend of mine whom he had met on the street, and he had hastened to present his good wishes so that I might recall without displeasure his departure from Palermo without saying good-by.

"So there's Joe story," I concluded—"Chiliano Joe, who will be on the train to-night."

"Poor Joe!" said Quilten. "And his ancestral standards!" he added.

"His ancestral standards," I repeated, perhaps dryly. "When I looked his people up I half expected to find a lot of wild brigands. Instead, I found his father the quietest, gentlest old sponge-fisherman ever you saw, Quilten. And Joe was

to have been a sponge-fisherman; and a great one he would have been, for no boy in all Palermo Harbor, they told me down there, could dive deeper or stay longer under water than Joe. And Joe's father preached the desirability of sponge-fishing—an honest, though sometimes drudgesome occupation—morning, noon, and night; but there was an ancient grandfather of Joe's who had come originally from the high hills of Sicily, and he had a tongue of flame."

"And ten words from him," put in Quilten quickly, "thrown casually in from his corner by the fireplace, would more than offset a week of preaching by Joe's father."

"You guessed that right, Quilten—the old fellow did sit in the corner by the chimney. But how——"

"It must be a saving instinct in us," interrupted Quilten, "which prompts us to oppose those who would force us into a groove. If you don't object, Hare, I will go with you to Havre."

"Good Lord, Quilten! What do you want to travel with emigrants on a night train for?"

"Why," he said, after a pause, "the varied types should interest me, and besides, there is" —he smiled—"there is also Chiliano Joe."

That night Quilten and I were passed—the pair of us submerged in a caravan of strange peo-

ples—through a gate, onto a long platform and halted abreast of a train of stubby, low-roofed, grimy cars. Quilten almost bolted at sight of the cars.

"Smell 'em, Hare—smell!" he shouted.

I refused to smell—I could smell without smelling. "Get aboard," I urged—"get aboard. A pair of bebuttoned and bebraided officials beseech you to get aboard."

"I will get aboard when I get ready," said Quilten. "To think that human beings——"

He got that far, his arms waving over his head, when "M'sieur, m'sieur!" came bouncing up two guards, and grabbed him and threw him through the door of the nearest compartment.

"You—you—you bureaucrats!" he yelled, his disheveled head stuck through the compartment window. "Because we are not travelling first-class, because——"

But the train was already moving past a lot of other minor officials who looked as though they were also relieved to be rid of us, past them and past a train of brightly lit sleeping-cars, where the luxurious berths were already made up.

"Snobs!" uttered Quilten fervently. "Snobs, Hare!" meaning, I suppose, the sleeping-car passengers who were staring at our train as it rolled past them.

Perhaps they were, or perhaps they were only

curious human beings; but what is sociology beside art?—I was making notes at the moment of a stout little Slav in a hard black hat and a hard more or less white shirt, and so had no time to answer. I'd had my eye on him in the procession to the train, he bending under the weight of a large green chest, one rolled-up mattress, and a singing bird in a cage.

"Is there a class on earth more self-centred than you artists?" snorted Quilten, which of course was where he was away off the line; for the artist who puts himself before his subject—why, he is not an artist. But what was the use of trying to argue with a man who is possessed of an obsession?

"I can already see," I said, "where I'm going to pass a lovely night in this car with you. If you want to get any good out of this trip, you'd better begin to look around you."

I was looking about me myself as I spoke. It wasn't a third-class train—regular third-class on the Continent isn't bad travelling at all. It was a train of the kind which Continental railroads quite often trotted out for emigrants. Our car had no corridor running lengthwise; all side-doors opened directly onto the running-boards outside. The compartment partitions came only as high as our shoulders, and so we could see from end to

end of the car. There were seven people jammed into Quilten's compartment; and in mine, the next to his, there were six, with nothing noticeable about any of them, unless it was that one man at the other window in my compartment was wearing a hat. It was a very hot night, and he was the only man in the car with his hat on.

They were cheerful enough, these poor people. With small hand-bags or bundles for head-rests they were trying, where they could find room to half stretch out, to get some sleep. Some tried to make themselves believe they were asleep, but an extra severe jolt of the coach and up they would come in discouragement. Three or four tough ones were actually sleeping; but even these, as they slept, were rolling, swaying, twitching to the jolting and bumping of the coach.

It would be an all-night ride to Havre. They began games of cards, some; but most of them drew bolognas, cream cheeses, long loaves of bread from dusty packs, and with long bottles of red and white wine started in to ease the long night away.

The windows on one side of the car were all open; on the other side all closed. As fast as one emptied a bottle he tossed it through the nearest open window. Out of one eye as I worked I could see Quilten with his ears cocked up for

the crashing of those bottles on the road-bed outside.

"I never thought I could get so much joy from hearing bottles crash on a road before, Hare," he uttered, after one long silence.

I said nothing to that; but he surely was a changed man since I had known him in college.

"It is pleasing to me to think, Hare, of the extra trouble this arrogant railroad will be put to in gathering up all that broken glass on the morrow," he added, after another enjoyable silence.

Thinks I to myself: "You're about the only man in this car that is pleased about anything this night."

For it was hot. It had been hot enough leaving Paris, but now—! And not heat alone. The hurrying train was jarring the dust from the seams of floor and sides and ceiling. I found myself grating it between my teeth. I could hear Quilten gagging and choking under it, too.

Coats and vests had been shed before this by every man in the car except Quilten and the man with the hat. As I was having another look at the man with the hat, noting that only the thick black beard showed from under the hat-brim, Quilten pulled off his frock coat. All except these two had not only drawn off coats and vests, but

had loosened their shirts, most of them, to the limits of modesty; but for Quilten to sit in his shirt-sleeves in public! I made a little sketch of him to show to unbelievers later.

The heat increased with the hours. Babies cried, waked, cried, could not be hushed. Exhausted mothers let them cry.

"Hare," called Quilten, "what misery some people will endure without protest! This dust—I have paid fifty centimes for soup that was no thicker, Hare."

Well, so had I—yes, and seventy-five centimes—and many another unfortunate traveller, no doubt, but what good does it do to let your mind ruminate on such things? Besides, I was trying at the moment to embalm for future generations the picture of a woman holding a naked baby to her shoulder.

"You artists—hopeless! hopeless!" groaned Quilten. Secretly, I agreed with him—where art was concerned.

The night grew longer and hotter. Having work to do, I probably felt the heat less than any one there, but I felt it.

I spoke—or did I?—of the windows on the opposite side of the car being shut tight. Anyway, a woman at the farther end of the car stood up and tried to open the closed one in her com-

partment. She could not. She was alone except for a baby, and plainly timid among all these strange men; but the renewed cries of her baby urging, she appealed to the men near her to open the window. One tried; another; another. Each in turn, with a despairing sign to her, sat down again.

I heard Quilten stand up behind me. I looked around. He wiped his perspiring forehead, stared at the row of shut windows and—sat down again. In another moment he leaped up, slammed his sweat-soaked handkerchief on the bench, stepped over the partitions to the end compartment, gripped the metal fastenings on the window-sash and tugged. He tugged, and tugged. No use.

His efforts disturbed a man next the window in that compartment. He looked up at Quilten. He was a dark-skinned, very handsome man, and I was wondering what Quilten was thinking of when this man, with heavy eyes and drooping, oiled mustache, smiled languidly up at him.

Quilten looked down on this man—in disgust, I thought, although, knowing Quilten's dislike of exceptionally handsome men, that may have been my imagination. However, "Open your own window!" he roared at the man, and turned away.

But, turning away, he caught a fresh sight of

the young woman with the suffering baby; and so tried the window again, but only to tear his nails, whereat he whirled around, snatched up the nearest hand-bag and swung it against the glass of the window. The broken glass rattled on the road-bed outside. With the heel of his shoe he crowded the ragged edges of glass away from the window-sash. By the unction of his action I knew that every little piece of glass, as it rattled on the road-bed outside, rejoiced his perspiring soul.

His action started things all along the line: other men now took to grappling with the other windows on that side of the car. But they remained closed. "Damn it!" shouted Quilten. And there was a moral epoch: Quilten had said "Damn!"

"Are we cattle," he gritted between clinched teeth, "that we have to put up with this sort of thing?" And he followed that up by stepping from compartment to compartment and driving through the glass of every window the heel of his shoe.

Evidently, even without understanding what it was he said, the immigrants at large decided they were not cattle; for "Bravo"! "Vive l'Américain!" "Zeito!" a chorus of cheering voices hailed him.

I became infected myself. I stopped sketching

long enough to say: "Mon brave garçon, you are notably progressing."

"It's outrageous!" he snapped. "Who can blame them when they ignore inadequate laws and seize their rights as best they can?"

The man in the hat looked up at Quilten. For the first time I caught sight of more than his beard. The temples, eyes, and nose were like somebody's I knew. Who was it? But I was too weary to think long of it. I turned to Quilten, who was looking almost as worn as I felt, and advised him to get a little sleep for himself.

"I think I shall," he said; and settled his head back on the top of the compartment partition behind me. By and by I glanced around to see how he was making out. He was breathing softly. "Asleep—a good idea," I thought; and by then, feeling that there was no more work in me for that night, I tucked pencils and note-book into my leather wallet, stretched out arms and legs, settled my head back on the partition top beside Quilten's and tried to fall asleep also.

Mind, nerves, body had been overtaxed; and I could not get to sleep. No matter—I'd been through it before—sleep would come. If I were not boxed up in a car I could have put on an old sweater and started on a hike across country till I couldn't see for muscular exhaustion; then a

warm bath and to bed for ten hours. But here I could but stare at the ceiling, stare at the dimming gas-lamp midway of the car, close my eyes and patiently wait for my racing brain to slow down and my overtaut nerves to relax of themselves.

"Mr. Hare! Oh, Mr. Hare!"

It was a low voice, a cautious voice; and I felt at the same time the touch of a wary hand on my shoulder. Without lifting my head I rolled it sidewise. It was a lean, yellow hand. It was the man with the hat.

"You do not recognize me, Mr. Hare?"

I'd know his voice anywhere on earth. I sat up and shook hands. "That beard, Joe, changed your looks."

"Yes, yes, I am changed man, Mr. Hare. Changed other way, also. But here"—he tapped his chest—"always S'ciliano Joe. And he is here—on this train—now."

"The man who—" I stopped at that.

"Yes," he said.

"And your wife, Joe?"

"She is here—on this train—also."

"With him?"

"No, no, no, no! That is over. She is on this train, but alone."

"And what are you going to do with him?"

"Wait, sir, wait."

His eyes told the story of what he meant to do. Preaching at the wrong time is of course foolish, but I felt I had to say: "You do anything on this train, Joe, and the gendarmes will get you at Havre."

"Gendarmes! No, no, Mr. Hare, but—you see, I get him."

The air was growing ever thicker and hotter. I could feel the globs of perspiration rolling down past my ears and eyes, and yet Joe's temples and cheeks were bone-dry. His eyes, too, were dry; and black as a snake's. Quilten would have had a reason then for saying that an artist is hopeless, for it is true that, seeing his eyes at that moment, I forgot his tragedy. If I could but catch the color and glitter of those eyes!

Thinking of Joe's eyes may have sent me to sleep.

I found myself stretching my arms and legs in a waking languor. I sat up and looked around.

The gas-lamps were burned out. I could see nothing in the coach. I stuck my head out of the window. For some moments I could distinguish nothing outside. Then the flash of a little stream gleamed up from below an echoing bridge; and soon was another flash, this time of running

silver water; and then the green upshoot of low-growing things, of swaying trees, of rustling fields and—but faint and formless yet as a preliminary sketch—dim browsing cattle and stirring men. Presently, the horizon beyond a level plain flushed a pale rose color.

Dawn in Normandy! I thought of Joe with his Italian eye for color. "Here you, Joe!" I called out. "Look here and get that bad taste out of your mouth. Come here, Joe, and see fair Normandy arraying herself in the first lovely garments of a summer's day! Oh, Joe!"

I got no answer. I turned to see where he might be. He was not where I had left him when I fell asleep; nor was he at the other window-seat in the compartment. Where was he? I raked the car from end to end. No Joe!

And fair Normandy was passing—had passed. The train was rolling into crowded Havre.

There was a series of gentle bumps and jolts, and the train came to a stop on a great stone quay. From one side of the train, the town side, came a sight of waving arms, the noise of yelling hucksters, the appearance of shouting, insistent women with camp-stools to rent, and bread and wine and fruit to sell.

On the other side of the car, on the harbor side, I could see the masts and stacks of a large

steamer; and, at the farther end of a long basin, a tier of smart-looking French luggers. On some of the luggers the crews were making sail. It would all make a fine colorful picture later.

Through the compartment window I bargained for a bottle of red wine, a loaf of bread, a pat of white butter and the renting of a camp-stool, and—no guard yet appearing to open up our compartment—I wiggled through the window, dropped onto the running-board of the carriage, and stepped onto the quay.

Looking up from the quay to the windows of the coaches, I could see the exhausted passengers coming slowly awake; and then, at the sight of the wonderful sea, revive and grow cheerful. The men offered each other drinks of wine, the women inquired after each other's babies. Men, women, and babies in the early morning light, and the cool breeze rolling in from the Bay of the Seine—it was something to make a man forget a score of bad nights.

I set to work; and was sketching, when in cries, words, half-sentences, the news came travelling along the quay: a man had been murdered in the night. The alarm brought every last sleeper wide awake.

Quilten stepped from the coach to the quay, and without stopping to look up at the window

where the dead man lay, came down to where I was gathering my camp-stool and wallet under my arm.

"Who is it, Quilten?"

"You didn't guess?—the handsome man in the end compartment."

"Guess? Why should I guess, Quilten?" But two officials just then came hurrying onto the quay. In one moment they were told. In another they had viewed the body. In a third they were questioning the occupants of the coach.

I was questioned in my turn. Had I seen anything?

No.

Heard anything?

No.

They turned to Quilten. "And you, m'sieur, you saw no one running from the train?"

"I did."

"So!" They clucked close to him. "Man or woman, m'sieur?"

"Man."

"He went which way, m'sieur?"

Quilten pointed toward the basin.

"And then, m'sieur?"

"And then"—Quilten's French gave out. He pantomimed a man diving into the basin.

"So? And when he emerged?"

"I did not see him emerge."

"Ah-h! Merci, m'sieur."

"Let us go to where the air is fresher—to the end of the jetty," suggested Quilten, and we went.

A fleet of the smart-looking luggers were slipping away from the gate of the outer basin. One after the other they stood off, stood in, and then across toward where the open sea lay. One, with more sail than the others, was well in the lead. The wind was freshening and shifting. One more tack inshore and she could lay a free course for the open sea.

I turned to Quilten. "Did you say you did not see him come up?"

"That is what I said."

"And did you see him—do it?"

"I did." The manner of his old college days, which had been on him since the officials questioned him, fell from him with the admission. "He slipped through the window. It was almost dawn. I could see him swinging from window to window on the running-board until he came to where the man lay with his head on the sash asleep. All night long he had slept so, the whole window to himself, and that poor baby in the same compartment moaning for fresh air! When Joe drew his arm to strike, I could see—

through the window and beyond him in the field —a white cow beside a pool, and a young woman with a shawl and a man with a scythe over his shoulder in the doorway of a cottage. And then——"

The pause left me marvelling. The man had leaped to life; the eye of an artist, the rhythm almost of a poet, were coloring, speeding his words.

"And then, Quilten?"

"And then?" He made a gesture of finality. He looked out on the bay. He turned back to me. "It was a superb stroke. The man never even stirred. A strong arm, your Chiliano Joe's."

Out in the Bay of the Seine the red-tanned sail of the outermost lugger was now but a brown wing against a sun-lit horizon. All I could say was: "Well, Quilten, if I had been told yesterday morning that a man of your training——"

"Training? My training, Hare, was mostly 'you mustn't do this, you mustn't do that,' since before I can remember. If I did and I died, I would go straight to perdition. Life seemed to be made entirely out of negative virtues. I had to go out into the world to learn that boys and girls could dance together, and grown people play cards and go to the theatre and yet be people I

could trust and like. I learned that people might even have positive vices and yet be not without some virtues. Perhaps I learned it too suddenly."

He paused and resumed: "Don't laugh at me, Hare; but I left home for New York, and met a girl there—not a good girl—but who gave me what they must have thought was a sin to give me at home, for they never gave it—a little tenderness. A man of my type—I've learned it in bitterness, Hare—holds no great fascination for women. But this girl liked, perhaps pitied me. A man came—of the kind who train to attract women. He took her, but he could not hold her. I lay a little salve to my soul now by fancying that I taught her to value two or three qualities which he never had. She left him. He followed her and killed her. I don't think he meant to kill her, but he did. I knew his name, and in time I learned where he had gone to."

We had been walking back from the end of the jetty and were now at the head of the basin. A newly arrived official halted Quilten to ask him to point out the exact spot where he had seen the fleeing man dive into the basin.

Quilten pointed it out.

"And you did not see him emerge, m'sieur?"

Quilten shook his head. The official thanked

him and joined the others in the preparations to drag the basin for the body.

I looked hard at Quilten. "You say you did not see him come up?"

"I turned my back so that I should not." He did not even smile in saying it.

"Would you have looked?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Would I? How could I have helped it?"

"And then lied about it?"

"Like a dog!"

"Then it amounts to the same thing—your creed and mine!" he exclaimed in triumph.

I thought I saw where I could successfully dispute his claim, but it is my weakness to fancy myself an artist, when, as a matter of fact, I'm half a tractarian after I've been loafing with tractarians for a while. With no more words about it, we walked away from the quay and up through the old streets until we came to where some fat pigeons were waddling up and eating out of the hands of people having their coffee and rolls in front of a little café. We sat down, and had breakfast—Quilten ate heartily—and also helped fatten the pigeons.

When the saloon passengers for our steamer arrived on their special train from Paris, we

boarded the steamer with them. By late afternoon she had cleared the Bay of the Seine and was laying her ocean course for New York.

Quilten early disappeared inside the ship, but by and by he came out and led the way to the top deck forward, and levelled a pair of glasses on a fleet of French luggers that were fishing off our bow. Presently I saw one of them beat her way against the fresh breeze to a line with our course, abruptly come about and square away. I noticed her because I knew that fishermen do not go beating their way against the wind without a reason.

"That lugger that just came up and turned around, Hare—do you make out a man swimming up that way?" asked Quilten, and passed me the glasses.

I could, after a while—it was then almost twilight—and looked up to the bridge to see if they had seen him. They had; and soon we were slowing down and a boat making out from our side.

The man in the water refused to be taken into the boat. Swimming strongly, confidently, he came straight for the ship's side.

I knew the easy, powerful stroke—it was Joe.

"But where is his beard?" I asked of Quilten, when I saw Joe coming up the ladder.

"If he had allowed his beard to remain," whis-

pered Quilten in my ear, "some one might recognize him. And he has a story to fit the case—of being shanghaied, robbed and being thrown overboard from the French lugger."

Not till then did I guess. "And you were awake, Quilten, when Joe disclosed himself to me on the train last night?"

"I was. And when you fell asleep I had a talk with him. I, too, had trailed a man from Palermo to Naples, to Genoa, to Milan, to Paris."

"Yes?"

"And Joe's man and my man—they were the same. And everything is now all right. His wife is waiting for him below."

By this time Joe had made his way through the crowd on the lower deck. From the head of the steerage ladder he looked back and up and waved his hand to us, or—it could very well be—to the young stars above us; and passed below.

THE TRAWLER

The Trawler

I

TO John Snow's home in Gloucester came the tale this night of how Arthur Snow was washed from the deck of Hugh Glynn's vessel and lost at sea; and it was Saul Haverick, his sea clothes still on him, who brought the word.

"I'm telling you, John Snow," said Saul—and he out of breath almost with the telling—"and others than me will by an' by be telling you, what a black night it was, with a high-running sea and wind to blow the last coat o' paint off the vessel, but o' course *he* had to be the first o' the fleet—nothing less would do *him*—to make the market with his big ketch. It was for others, not for him, to show the way to take in sail, he said, and not a full hour before it happened that was." Such was Saul Haverick's ending.

John Snow said nothing; Mrs. Snow said nothing. Saul looked to me, but I gave no sign that I had heard him. Only John Snow's niece, Mary, looking up from her hands folded in her lap, said: "Surely you must find it painful, Saul Haverick,

to ship with such a wicked man and take the big shares of money that fall to his crew?"

"Eh!" said Saul, frightened-like at her. "I'm not denying that he is a great fish killer, Mary Snow, and that we haven't shared some big trips with him; but it is like his religion, I'm telling you, to be able to say how he allowed no man ever he crossed tacks with to work to wind'ard of him. He's that vain he'd drive vessel, himself, and all hands to the bottom afore he'd let some folks think anything else of him."

"He lost my boy—we'll say no more of him," said John Snow.

"Ay," said Saul Haverick, "we'll speak no more of him. But I was Arthur's dory mate, John Snow, as you well know, and my heart is sick to think of it. I'll be going now," and go he did, softly and by way of the back stairs; and he no more than gone when a knock came to the door.

After a time, the clock on the mantel ticking loud among us, John Snow called out: "Come in!"

II

I remember how Hugh Glynn stepped within the door of John Snow's kitchen that night, and how he bent his head to step within; and, bend-

ing his head, took off his cap; and how he bowed to John Snow, Mrs. Snow, and Mary Snow in turn, and, facing John Snow, made as if to speak; but how his voice would not come, not until he had lifted his head yet higher and cleared his throat. And beginning again, he took a step nearer the middle of the floor, to where the light of the bracket lamp above the kitchen table shone full on his face. He was a grand man to look at, not only his face but the height and build of him, and he was fresh in from sea.

"John Snow—and you, Mrs. Snow—the *Arbiter's* to anchor in the stream, and her flag's to half-mast. And knowing that, maybe there's no need to say anything more."

Mrs. Snow said nothing, Mary Snow said nothing, but I remember how from under John Snow's brows the deep eyes glowed out.

"Go on," said John Snow at last.

Hugh Glynn went on. "Well, he was a good boy, your Arthur—maybe you'd like to be told that, even by me, though of course you that was his father, John Snow, and you that was his mother, Mrs. Snow, know better than anybody else what he was. Three nights ago it was, and we to the south'ard of Sable Island, in as nasty a breeze as I'd been in for some time. A living gale it was, a November no'wester—you know what

that is, John Snow—but I'd all night been telling the crew to be careful, for a sea there was to sweep to eternity whoever it could 've caught loose around deck. I could 've hove her to and let her lay, but I was never one to heave to my vessel—not once I'd swung her off for home. And there, God help me, is maybe my weakness.

"She was under her gaff tops'l, but I see she couldn't stand it. 'Boys,' says I, 'clew up that tops'l.' Which they did, and put it in gaskets, and your Arthur, I mind, was one of the four men to go aloft to clew it up. Never a lad to shirk was Arthur. Well, a stouter craft of her tonnage than the *Arbiter* may be never lived, nor no gear any sounder, but there are things o' God's that the things o' man were never meant to hold out against. Her jib flew to ribbons. 'Cut it clear!' I says, and nigh half the crew jump for'ard. Half a dozen of the crew to once, but Arthur,—your Arthur, your boy, Mrs. Snow, your son, John Snow—he was quick enough to be among the half-dozen. Among a smart crew he was never left behind. It looked safe for us all then, coming on to morning, but who can ever tell? Fishermen's lives, they're expected to go fast, but they're men's lives for all that, and 'Have a care!' I called to them, myself to the wheel at the time, where, God knows, I was careful.

"The *Arbiter's* to anchor in the stream and her flag's to half-mast."

"Well, I saw this big fellow coming, a mountain of water with a snow-white top to it against the first light of the morning. And I made to meet it. A better vessel than the *Arbiter* the hand o' man never turned out—all Gloucester knows that—but, her best and my best, there was no lifting her out of it. Like great pipe-organs aroaring, this sea came, and over we went. Over we went, and I heard myself saying: 'God in heaven! You great old wagon, but are you gone at last?' And said it again when maybe there was a fathom of water over my head—her quarter was buried that deep and she that long coming up. Slow coming up she was, though up she came at last. But a man was gone."

He had stopped; but he went on. "It was Arthur, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow, who was gone. The boy you were expecting to see in this very room by now, he was gone. Little Arthur that ten years ago, when first I saw him, I could 've swung to the ceiling of this room with my one finger—little Arthur was gone. Well, 'Over with a dory!' I said. And, gale and all, we over with a dory, with three of us in it. We looked and looked in that terrible dawn, but no use—no man short o' the Son o' God himself could 'a' stayed afloat, oilskins and red jacks, in that sea. But we had to look, and coming aboard the dory was

stove in—smashed, like 'twas a china teacup and not a new banker's double dory, against the rail. And it was cold. Our frost-bitten fingers slipped from her ice-wrapped rail, and the three of us nigh came to joining Arthur, and Lord knows—a sin, maybe you'll say, to think it, John Snow—but I felt then as if I'd just as soon, for it was a hard thing to see a man go down to his death, maybe through my foolishness. And to have the people that love him to face in the telling of it—that's hard, too."

He drew a great breath. "And"—again a deep breath and a deepened note of pain—"that's what I've come to tell you, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow—how your boy Arthur was lost."

John Snow, at the kitchen table, I remember, one finger still in the pages of the black-lettered Bible he had been reading when Hugh Glynn stepped in, dropped his head on his chest and there let it rest. Mrs. Snow was crying out loud. Mary Snow said nothing, nor made a move, except to sit in her chair by the window and look to where, in the light of the kitchen lamp, Hugh Glynn stood.

There was a long quiet. Hugh Glynn spoke again. "Twenty years, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow—twenty good years I've been fishing out o' Gloucester, and in that time not much this side

the western ocean I haven't laid a vessel's keel over. From Greenland to Hatteras I've fished, and many smart seamen I've been shipmates with—dory, bunk, and watch mates with in days gone by—and many a grand one of 'em I've known to find his grave under the green-white ocean, but never a smarter, never an abler fisherman than your boy Arthur. Boy and man I knew him, and, boy and man, he did his work. I thought you might like to hear that from me, John Snow. And not much more than that can I say now, except to add, maybe, that when the Lord calls, John Snow, we must go, all of us. The Lord called and Arthur went. He had a good life before him —if he'd lived. He'd 've had his own vessel soon —could 've had one before this—if he'd wanted. But 'No,' he says, 'I'll stay with you yet a while, Captain Hugh.' He loved me and I loved him. 'I'll stay with you yet a while, Captain Hugh,' he says, but, staying with me, he was lost, and if I was old enough to have a grown son o' my own, if 'twas that little lad who lived only long enough to teach me what it is to have hope of a fine son and then to lose him, if 'twas that little lad o' mine grown up, I doubt could I feel it more, John Snow."

John Snow let slip his book and stood up, and for the first time looked fair at Hugh Glynn. "We

know, Captain Glynn," John Snow said, "and I'm thanking you now. It's hard on me, hard on us all—our only son, captain—our only child. But, doubtless, it had to come. Some goes young and some goes old. It came to him maybe earlier than we ever thought for, or he thought for, no doubt, but—it come. And what you have told us, captain, is something for a man to be hearing of his son—and to be hearing it from you. And only this very night, with the word of you come home, my mind was hardening against you, Captain Glynn, for no denying I've heard hard things even as I've heard great things of you. But now I've met you, I know they mixed lies in the telling, Captain Glynn. And as for Arthur—" John Snow stopped.

"As for Arthur"—'twas something to listen to, the voice of Hugh Glynn then, so soft there was almost no believing it—"as for Arthur, John Snow, he went as all of us will have to go if we stop long enough with the fishing."

"Ay, no doubt. As you may go yourself, captain?"

"As I expect to go, John Snow. To be lost some day—what else should I look forward to?"

"A black outlook, captain."

"Maybe, maybe. And yet a man's death at the last."

"So 'tis, captain—so 'tis."

John Snow and Hugh Glynn gripped hands, looked into each other's eyes, and parted—Hugh Glynn out into the night again and John Snow, with Mrs. Snow, to their room, from where I could hear her sobbing. I almost wanted to cry myself, but Mary Snow was there. I went over and stood behind her. She was looking after some one through the window.

It was Hugh Glynn walking down the steep hill. Turning the corner below, I remember how he looked back and up at the window.

For a long silence Mary Snow sat there and looked out. When she looked up and noticed me, she said: "It's a hard life, the bank fishing, Simon. The long, long nights out to sea, the great gales; and when you come home, no face, it may be, at the door to greet you."

"That it is, Mary."

"I saw his wife one day, Simon," said Mary Snow softly, "and the little boy with her. But a week before they were killed together that was; six years ago, and he, the great, tall man, striding between them. A wonderful, lovely woman and a noble couple, I thought. And the grand boy! And I at that heedless age, Simon, it was a rare person, be it man or woman, I ran ahead to see again."

"Come from the window, Mary," I said to that, "and we'll talk of things more cheerful."

"No, no, Simon—don't ask me to talk of light matters to-night." With that and a "Good night" she left me for her room.

Out into the street I went. John Snow's house stood at the head of a street atop of a steep hill, and I remember how I stood on the steps of John Snow's house and looked down the slope of the hill, and below the hill to the harbor, and beyond the harbor to clear water. It was a cold winter moonlight, and under the moon the sea heaved and heaved and heaved. There was no break in the surface of that sea that night, but as it heaved, terribly slow and heavy, I thought I could feel the steps beneath me heaving with it.

III

All that night I walked the streets and roads of Cape Ann, walking where my eyes would lose no sight of that sea to which I had been born, and thinking, thinking, thinking always to the surge and roar of it; and in the morning I went down to where Hugh Glynn's vessel lay in dock; and Hugh Glynn himself I found standing on the string-piece, holding by the hand and feeding candy to the little son of one of his crew, the

while half a dozen men were asking him, one after the other, for what I, too, had come to ask.

My turn came. "I never met you to speak to before, Captain Glynn," I began, "but I was a friend of Arthur Snow's, and I was hopeful for the chance to ship with you in Arthur's place.

"My name is Simon Kippen," I went on, when he made no answer. "I was in John Snow's kitchen when you came in last night."

"I know"—he waved the hand that wasn't holding the little boy—"I know. And"—he almost smiled—"you're not afraid to come to sea with me?"

"Why more afraid," I said, "than you to take me with you?"

"You were a great friend of Arthur's?"

"A friend to Arthur—and more if I could," I answered.

He had a way of throwing his head back and letting his eyes look out, as from a distance, or as if he would take the measure of a man. 'Twas so he looked out at me now.

"He's a hard case of a man, shouldn't you say, Simon Kippen, who would play a shipmate foul?"

I said nothing to that.

"And, master or hand, we're surely all shipmates," he added; to which again I said nothing.

"Will you take Saul Haverick for dory mate?" he said again.

"I bear Saul Haverick no great love," I said; "but I have never heard he wasn't a good fisherman, and who should ask more than that of his mate in a dory?"

He looked out at me once more from the eyes that seemed so far back in his head; and from me he looked to the flag that was still to the half-mast of his vessel for the loss of Arthur Snow.

"We might ask something more in a dory mate at times, but he is a good fisherman," he answered at last. "A good hand to the wheel of a vessel, too, a cool head in danger, and one of the best judges of weather ever I sailed with. We're putting out in the morning. You can have the chance."

As to what was in my heart when I chose to ship with Hugh Glynn, I cannot say. There are those who tell us how they can explain every heart-beat, quick or slow, when aught ails them. I never could. I only know that, standing on the steps of Mary Snow's house the night before, all my thought was of Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street after Hugh Glynn. And "God help you, Simon Kippen!" I found myself saying—"it's not you, nor Saul Haverick, nor any other living man will marry

Mary Snow while Hugh Glynn lives, for there is no striving against the strength of the sea, and the strength of Hugh Glynn is the strength of the sea." But of what lay beyond that in my heart I could not say.

And now I was to sea with Hugh Glynn, and we not four days out of Gloucester when, as if but to show me the manner of man he was, he runs clear to the head of Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, for a baiting on our way to the banks; and whoever knows Placentia Bay knows what that means, with the steam-cutters of the Crown patrolling, and their sleepless watches night and day aloft, to trap whoever would try to buy a baiting there against the law.

No harm fell to Hugh Glynn that time. No harm ever fell to him, fishermen said. Before ever the cutters could get sight of him he had sight of them; and his bait stowed below, safe away he came, driving wild-like past the islands of the bay, with never a side-light showing in the night, and not the first time he had done so.

"What d'y' say to that, Simon? Didn't we fool 'em good?" he asked, when once more we were on the high seas and laying a free course for the western Banks.

"I'm grateful you did not ask me to go in any dory to bring the bait off," I answered.

"Why is that, Simon?" he asked, as one who has no suspicion.

"It was against the law, Captain Glynn."

"But a bad law, Simon?"

"Law is law," I answered to that.

He walked from the wheel, where I was, twice to the break of the vessel and back again and said, in a voice no louder than was needful to be heard above what loose water was splashing over her quarter to my feet: "Don't be put out with me for what I'll tell you now, Simon. You're a good lad, Simon, and come of good people, but of people that for hundreds o' years have thought but one way in the great matters of life. And when men have lived with their minds set in the one way so long, Simon, it comes hard for them to understand any other way. Such unfrequent ones as differed from your people, Simon, them they cast out from among them. I know, I know, Simon, because I come from people something like to them, only I escaped before it was too late to understand that people who split tacks with you do not always do it to fetch up on a lee shore."

"And from those other people, no doubt, Captain Glynn, you learned it was right to break a country's laws?"

"It wasn't breaking our country's law, Simon, nor any good man's law, to get a baiting last

night. There are a lot of poor fishermen, Simon —as none know better than yourself—in Placentia Bay who have bait to sell, and there is a law which says they must not. But whose law? An American law? No. God's law? No. The law of those poor people in Placentia Bay? No. Some traders who have the making of the laws? Yes. And there you have it. If the Placentia Bay fishermen aren't allowed to sell bait to me, or the like of me, they will have to sell it to the traders themselves, but have to take their one dollar, where we of Gloucester would pay them five, and, paying it, would give some of them and their families a chance to live."

He stood there in his rubber boots to his hips and his long greatcoat to his ankles—he was one who never wore oilskins aboard ship—swinging with the swing of the plunging vessel as if he was built into her, and with his head thrown back and a smile, it may be, that was not a smile at all, and kept looking at me from out of eyes that were changeable as the sea itself.

"Don't you be getting mad with me, Simon, because we don't think alike in some things. To the devil with what people think of you—I've said that often enough, Simon, but not when they're good people. If some people don't like us, Simon, there will come no nourishment to

our souls. Some day you're going to come to my way o' thinking, Simon, because we two are alike underneath."

"Alike!" I smiled to myself.

"Ay, alike at heart, Simon. We may look to be sailing wide-apart courses now, but maybe if our papers were examined 'twould be found we'd cleared for the same last port of call, Simon."

And no more talk of anything like that between us until the night before we were to leave the fishing grounds for home. In the afternoon we had set our trawls, and, leaving the vessel, he had said, "Our last set, boys. Let 'em lay to-night, and in the morning we'll haul"; and, returning aboard after setting, we had our supper and were making ready, such as had no watch to stand, to turn in for a good, long sleep against the labor of the morrow.

It was an oily sea that evening—a black, oily-smooth surface, lifting heavy and slow to a long swell. A smooth, oily sea—there is never any good comes out of it; but a beautiful sea notwithstanding, with more curious patterns of shifting colors than a man could count in a year playing atop of it. The colors coming and going and rolling and squirming—no women's shop ashore ever held such colors under the bright night-lights as under the low sun we saw this night on the

western banks. It was a most beautiful and a most wicked sea to stop and look at.

And the sun went down that evening on a banking of clouds no less beautiful; a copper-red sun, and after 'twas gone, in lovely massy forms and splendid colors, were piled the clouds in all the western quarter.

Such of the crew as stopped to speak of it did not like at all the look of that sea and sky, and some stopped beside the skipper to say it, he leaning against the main rigging in the way he had the while he would be studying the weather signs; but he made no answer to the crew, to that or any other word they had this evening—except to Saul Haverick, and to him only when he came up from supper complaining of not feeling well.

He was one could drive his crew till they could not see for very weariness; but he was one could nurse them, too. "Go below and turn in," was his word to Saul, "and stay there till you feel better. Call me, Simon, if I'm not up," he then said to me. "I'll stand Saul's watch with you, if Saul is no better."

It was yet black night when I was called to go on watch, and, Saul Haverick still complaining, I went to call the skipper. But he was already up and had been, the watch before me said, for the better part of the night. I found him leaning

over the gunnels of the wind'ard nest of dories when I went on deck, gazing out on a sea that was no longer oily-smooth, though smooth enough, too, what was to be seen of it, under the stars of a winter night.

I stood on the break and likewise looked about me. To anchor, and alone, lay the vessel, with but her riding-light to mark her in the dark; alone and quiet, with never a neighbor to hail us, nor a sound from any living thing whatever. The very gulls themselves were asleep; only the fores'l, swaying to a short sheet, would roll part way to wind'ard and back to loo'ard, but quiet as could be even then, except for the little tapping noises of the reef-points when in and out the belly of the canvas would puff full up and let down again to what little wind was stirring.

It was a perfect, calm night, but no calm day was to follow. "Wicked weather ahead," said Hugh Glynn, and came and stood beside me on the break. "A wicked day coming, but no help for it now till daylight comes to see our trawls to haul 'em." And, as one who had settled that in his mind, he said no more of it, but from main-m'st to weather-rail he paced, and back again, and I took to pacing beside him.

A wonderful time, the night-watches at sea, for men to reveal themselves. Night and sky

overhead and the wide ocean to your elbow—it drives men to thought of higher things. The wickedest of men—I have known them, with all manner of blasphemies befouling their lips by day, to become holy as little children in the watches of the night.

No blasphemer was Hugh Glynn, nor did the night hold terror for him; only as we paced the break together he spoke of matters that but himself and his God could know. It was hard to listen and be patient, though maybe it was as much of wonder as of impatience was taking hold of me as I listened.

"Do you never fear what men might come to think of you, Captain Glynn," I said, "confessing your very soul?"

"Ho, ho, that's it, is it?" He came to a sudden stop in our walking. "I should only confess the body—is that it, Simon Kippen? And, of course, when a man confesses to one thing of his own free will, you know there must be something worse behind? Is that it, Simon?" He chuckled beside me and, as if only to scandalize me, let his tongue run wilder yet.

His tales were of violations of laws such as it had been my religion to observe since I was a boy, and little except of the comic, ridiculous side of them all. The serious matters of life, if 'twas to

judge by what he spoke to me that night, had small interest for him. But the queer power of the man! Had it been light where he could see me, I would have choked before ever I would let him hear me laugh; but he caught me smiling and straightened up, chuckling, to say: "Many other things you would smile at, too, Simon, if your bringing up would but allow the frost to thaw from your soul."

"And are reckless carryings-on and desperate chancing things to smile at?"

"O Simon, Simon, what a righteous man you're to be that never expects to see the day when no harbor this side of God's eternal sea will offer you the only safe and quiet mooring!"

Again I saw Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street, and remembering how she had spoken of his lonely home, I said: "No doubt a man, like a vessel, Captain Glynn, should have always a mooring somewhere. A wonder you never thought of marrying again."

"I have thought of it."

"And with some one woman in mind?"

"It may be." He answered that, too, without a pause.

"And does she know?"

"It may be she knows. No knowing when they know, Simon. As men best understand the

soul, so it is woman's best gift to understand the heart. But no fair play in me to ask her. I've had my great hour, and may not have it again with another. To offer the woman I have in mind anything less than a great love—it would be to cheat, Simon. No, no, no—it's not the kind of a man I am now, but the kind you are, Simon, should marry."

"It's not my kind that women like best, captain," I said.

"There are women to like every kind, Simon, and almost any kind of a woman would like your kind, Simon, if you would only learn to be less ashamed of what should be no shame. And it is you, already in love, who——"

"Me—in love?" I was like a vessel luffing to escape a squall, he had come on me so quickly.

"There it is, Simon—the upbringing of you that would never own up to what you think only yourself know. Three weeks to sea now you've been with me, and never a gull you've seen skirling to the west'ard that your eyes haven't followed. By no mistake do you watch them flying easterly. And when last evening I said, 'Tomorrow, boys, we'll swing her off and drive her to the west'ard—to the west'ard and Gloucester!' the leaping heart in you drove the blood to your very eyes. Surely that was not in sorrow, Simon?"

I made no answer.

Back and forth we paced, and talked as we paced, until the stars were dimming in the sky and the darkness fading from the sea. He stopped by the rail and stared, aweary-like, I thought, upon the waters.

"Simon, surely few men but would rather be themselves than anybody else that lives; but surely, too, no man sailing his own wide courses but comes to the day when he wishes he'd been less free in his navigation at times. You are honest and right, Simon. Even when you are wrong you are right, because for a man to do what he thinks is right, whether he be right or wrong, at the time, is to come to be surely right in the end. And it is the like of you, not yet aweary in soul or body, should mate with the women moulded of God to be the great mothers."

"You have done much thinking of some matters, captain," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Alone at sea before the dawn—it is a wonderful hour for a man to cross-question himself, Simon; and not many nights of late years that I haven't seen the first light of dawn creeping up over the edge of the ocean. You marry Mary Snow, Simon."

He knew. What could I say? "I never

thought to talk like this, captain, to a living man." In the growing light we now stood plain to each other's sight. "I don't understand what made me," I said, and said it, doubtless, with a note of shame.

"It may be just as well at your age that you don't understand every feeling that drives you on, Simon. Our brains grow big with age, but not our hearts. No matter what made you talk to-night, Simon, you marry Mary Snow."

I shook my head, but opened my heart to him, nevertheless. "I haven't the clever ways of Saul Haverick."

"Simon, it's my judgment this night that Mary Snow will never marry Saul Haverick."

"I'm glad to hear you think that, captain. 'Twould spoil her life—or any woman's."

"No, no," he said, quick-like. "Almost any woman's—yes; but not Mary Snow's—not altogether."

"And why?"

"Because she's too strong a soul to be spoiled of her life by any one man; because, no matter what man she marries, in her heart will be the image, not of the man her husband is, but of the man she'd wish him to be, and in the image of that man of her fancy will her children be born. Women moulded of God to be the mothers of

great men are fashioned that way, Simon. They dream great dreams for their children's sake to come, and their hearts go out to the man who helps to make their dreams come true. If I've learned anything of good women in life, Simon, it is that. And, no saying, I may be wrong in that, too, Simon, but so far I've met no man who knows more of it than I to gainsay me. You marry Mary Snow, Simon, and she will bear you children who will bring new light to a darkening world."

The dawn was rolling up to us and the next on watch was on deck to relieve me; and the cook, too, with his head above the fo'c's'le hatch, was calling that breakfast was ready, and we said no more of that.

"Go for'ard, Simon," said Captain Glynn, "and have your breakfast. After breakfast we'll break out her anchor, and out dories and get that gear aboard afore it's too late. I'll go below and see how Saul's getting on."

With that he went into the cabin; but soon was back to take his seat at the breakfast-table; but no word of Saul until we had done eating, and he standing to go up on deck. Then he said: "Saul says he is still too sick to go in the dory with you, Simon."

And to that I said: "Well, I've hauled a hali-

but trawl single-handed before, Captain Glynn, and I can do it again if need be."

He put on his woollen cap, and across the table he looked at me, and I looked hard at him.

"This will be no morning to go single-handed in a dory, Simon. Saul is not too sick, he says, to stand to the wheel and handle the vessel in my place. I will take his place along with you in the dory."

What he was thinking I could not say. His head was thrown back and his eyes looking out and down at me, as from the top of a far-away hill, and no more knowing what thoughts lay behind them than what ships lay beyond the horizon.

IV

It was a blood-red sunrise and a sea that was making when we left the vessel, but nothing to worry over in that. It might grow into a dory-killing day later, but so far it was only what all winter trawlers face more days than they can remember.

We picked up our nearest buoy, with its white-and-black flag floating high to mark it, and as we did, to wind'ard of us we could see, for five miles it might be, the twisted lines of the dories stretching. Rising to the top of a sea we could see them,

sometimes one and sometimes another, lifting and falling, and the vessel lifting and falling to wind'ard of them all.

Hugh Glynn took the bow to do the hauling and myself the waist for coiling, and it was a grand sight to see him heave in on that heavy gear on that December morning. Many men follow the sea, but not many are born to it. Hugh Glynn was. Through the gurdy he hauled the heavy lines, swinging forward his shoulders, first one and then the other, swaying from his waist and all in time to the heave of the sea beneath him, and singing, as he heaved, the little snatches of songs that I believe he made up as he went along.

As he warmed to his work he stopped to draw off the heavy sweater that he wore over his woollen shirt, and made as if to throw it in the bow of the dory. "But no," he said "it will get wet there. You put it on you, Simon, and keep it dry for me." He was a full size bigger than me in every way, and I put it on, over my cardigan jacket and under my oil-jacket, and it felt fine and comfortable on me.

It came time for me to spell him on the hauling, but he waved me back. "Let be, let be, Simon," he said, "it's fine, light exercise for a man of a brisk morning. It's reminding me of my hauling

of my first trawl on the Banks. Looking back on it, now, Simon, I mind how the bravest sight I thought I ever saw was our string of dories racing afore the tide in the sea of that sunny winter's morning, and the vessel, like a mother to her little boats, standing off and on to see that nothing happened the while we hauled and coiled and gaffed inboard the broad-backed halibut. All out of myself with pride I was—I that was no more than a lad, but hauling halibut trawls with full-grown Gloucester men on the Grand Banks! And the passage home that trip, Simon! Oh, boy, that passage home!"

Without even a halt in his heaving in of the trawls, he took to singing:

"It came one day, as it had to come—
I said to you 'Good-by.'
'Good luck,' said you, 'and a fair, fair wind'—
Though you cried as if to die
Was all there was ahead of you
When we put out to sea;
But now, sweetheart, we're headed home
To the west'ard and to thee.

So blow, ye devils, and walk her home—
For she's the able *Lucy Foster*.
The woman I love is waiting me,
So drive the *Lucy* home to Gloucester.
O ho ho for this heaven-sent breeze,
Straight from the east and all you please!
Come along now, ye whistling gales,
The harder ye blow the faster she sails—
O my soul, there's a girl in Gloucester!"

He stopped to look over his shoulder at me. "Simon, boy, I mind the days when there was no stopping the songs in me. Rolling to my lips o' themselves they would come, like foam to the crests of high seas. The days of a man's youth, Simon! All I knew of a gale of wind was that it stirred the fancies in me. It's the most wonderful thing will ever happen you, Simon."

"What is, skipper?"

"Why, the loving a woman and she loving you, and you neither knowing why, nor maybe caring."

"No woman loves me, skipper."

"She will, boy—never a fear."

He took to the hauling, and soon again to the singing:

"My lad comes running down the street,
And what says he to me?
Says he, 'O dadda, dadda,
And you're back again from sea!

'And did you ketch a great big fish
And bring him home to me?
O dadda, dadda, take me up
And toss me high!' says he.

My love looks out on the stormy morn,
Her thoughts are on the sea.
She says, ' 'Tis wild upon the Banks,'
And kneels in prayer for me.

'O Father, hold him safe!' she prays,
'And——'

There's one, Simon!" he called.

A bad sea he meant. They had been coming and going, coming and going, rolling under and past us, and so far no harm; but this was one more wicked to look at than its mates. So I dropped the coiling lines and, with the oar already to the becket in the stern, whirled the dory's bow head on. The sea carried us high and far and, passing, left the dory deep with water, but no harm in that so she was still right side up.

"A good job, Simon," said Hugh Glynn the while we were bailing. "Not too soon and not too late."

That was the first one. More followed in their turn; but always the oar was handy in the becket, and it was but to whirl bow or stern to it with the oar when it came, not too soon to waste time for the hauling, but never, of course, too late to save capsizing; and bailing her out, if need be, when it was by.

Our trawl was in, our fish in the waist of the dory, and we lay to our roding line and second anchor, so we might not drift miles to loo'ard while waiting for the vessel to pick us up. We could see the vessel—to her hull, when to the top of a sea we rose together; but nothing of her at all when into the hollows we fell together.

She had picked up all but the dory next to

wind'ard of us. We would be the last, but before long now she would be to us. "When you drop Simon and me, go to the other end of the line and work back. Pick Simon and me up last of all," Hugh Glynn had said to Saul, and I remember how Saul, standing to the wheel, looked down over the taffrail and said, "Simon and you last of all," and nodded his head as our dory fell away in the vessel's wake.

Tide and sea were such that there was no use trying to row against it, or we would not have waited at all; but we waited, and as we waited the wind, which had been southerly, went into the east and snow fell; but for not more than a half-hour, when it cleared. We stood up and looked about us. There was no vessel or other dory in sight.

We said no word to each other of it, but the while we waited further, all the while with a wind'ard eye to the bad little seas, we talked.

"Did you ever think of dying, Simon?" Hugh Glynn said after a time.

"Can a man follow the winter trawling long and not think of it at times?" I answered.

"And have you fear of it, Simon?"

"I know I have no love for it," I said. "But do you ever think of it, you?"

"I do—often. With the double tides working

to draw me to it, it would be queer enough if now and again I did not think of it."

"And have you fear of it?"

"Of not going properly—I have, Simon." And after a little: "And I've often thought it a pity for a man to go and nothing come of his going. Would you like the sea for a grave, Simon?"

"I would not," I answered.

"Nor me, Simon. A grand, clean grave, the ocean, and there was a time I thought I would; but not now. The green grave ashore, with your own beside you—a man will feel less lonesome, or so I've often thought, Simon.

"I've often thought so," he went on, his eyes now on watch for the bad seas and again looking wistful-like at me. "I'd like to lie where my wife and boy lie, she to one side and the lad to the other, and rise with them on Judgment Day. I've a notion, Simon, that with them to bear me up I'd stand afore the Lord with greater courage. For if what some think is true—that it's those we've loved in this world will have the right to plead for us in the next—then, Simon, there will be two to plead for me as few can plead."

He stood up and looked around. "It is a bad sea now, but worse later, and a strong breeze brewing, Simon," and he drew from an inside pocket of his woollen shirt a small leather note-book.

He held it up for me to see, with the slim little pencil held by little loops along the edges.

" 'Twas hers. I've a pocket put in every woollen shirt I wear to sea so 'twill be close to me. There's things in it she wrote of our little boy. And I'm writing here something I'd like you to be witness to, Simon."

He wrote a few lines. "There, Simon. I've thought often this trip how 'tis hard on John Snow at his age to have to take to fishing again. If I hadn't lost Arthur, he wouldn't have to. I'm willing my vessel to John Snow. Will you witness it, Simon?"

I signed my name below his; and he set the book back in his inside pocket.

"And you think our time is come, skipper?" I tried to speak quietly, too.

"I won't say that, Simon, but foolish not to make ready for it."

I looked about when we rose to the next sea for the vessel. But no vessel. I thought it hard. "Had you no distrust of Saul Haverick this morning?" I asked him.

"I had. And last night, too, Simon."

"And you trusted him?"

"A hard world if we didn't trust people, Simon. I thought it over again this morning and was ashamed, Simon, to think it in me to distrust a

shipmate. I wouldn't believed it of any man ever I sailed with. But no use to fool ourselves longer. Make ready. Over with the fish, over with the trawls, over with everything but thirty or forty fathom of that roding line, and the sail, and one anchor, and the two buoys."

It was hard to have to throw back in the sea the fine fish that we'd taken hours to set and haul for; hard, too, to heave over the stout gear that had taken so many long hours to rig. But there was no more time to waste—over they went. And we took the two buoys—light-made but sound and tight half-barrels they were—and we lashed them to the risings of the dory.

"And now the sail to her, Simon."

We put the sail to her.

"And stand by to cut clear our anchorage!" I stood by with my bait-knife; and when he called out, I cut, and away we went racing before wind and tide; me in the waist, on the buoy lashed to the wind'ard side to hold her down, and he on the wind'ard gunnel, too, but aft, with an oar in one hand and the sheet of the sail in the other.

"And where now?" I asked, when the wind would let me.

"The lee of Sable Island lies ahead."

The full gale was on us now—a living gale;

and before the gale the sea ran higher than ever, and before the high seas the flying dory. Mountains of slate-blue water rolled down into valleys, and the valleys rolled up into mountains again, and all shifting so fast that no man might point a finger and say, "Here's one: there's one!"—quick and wild as that they were.

From one great hill we would tumble only to fall into the next great hollow; and never did she make one of her wild plunges but the spume blew wide and high over her, and never did she check herself for even the quickest of breaths, striving the while to breast up the side of a mountain of water, but the sea would roll over her, and I'd say to myself once again: "Now at last we're gone!"

We tumbled into the hollows and a roaring wind would drive a boiling foam, white as milk, atop of us; we climbed up the hills and the roaring wind would drive the solid green water atop of us. Wind, sea, and milk-white foam between them—they seemed all of a mind to smother us. These things I saw in jumps like. Lashed to the wind'ard buoy I was by a length of roding line, to my knees in water the better part of the time, and busy enough with the bailing. There was no steady looking to wind'ard, such was the weight of the bullets of water which the wild wind drove

off the sea crests; but a flying glance now and again kept me in the run of it.

I would have wished to be able to do my share of the steering, but only Hugh Glynn could properly steer that dory that day. The dory would have sunk a hundred times only for the buoys in the waist; but she would have capsized more times than that again only for the hand of him in the stern. Steady he sat, a man of marble, his jaw like a cliff rising above the collar of his woollen shirt, his two eyes like two lights glowing out from under his cap brim.

And yet for all of him I couldn't see how we could live through it. Once we were so terribly beset that, "We'll be lost carrying sail like this, Hugh Glynn!" I called back to him.

And he answered: "I never could see any difference myself, Simon, between being lost carrying sail and being lost hove to."

After that I said no more.

And so, to what must have been the wonder of wind and sea that day, Hugh Glynn drove the little dory into the night and the lee of Sable Island.

V

We took in our sail and let go our anchor. Hugh Glynn looked long above and about him. "A clear night coming, Simon; and cold, with the wind backing into the no'west. We'll lay here, for big vessels will be running for this same lee to-night, and maybe a chance for us to be picked up with the daylight. Did I do well this day by you, Simon?"

"I'd be a lost man hours back but for you," I said, and was for saying more in praise of him, but he held up his hand.

"So you don't hold me a reckless, desperate sail-carrier, Simon, never mind the rest." His eyes were shining. "But your voice is weary, Simon, and you're hungry, too, I know."

I was hungry and worn—terribly worn—after the day, and so told him.

"Then lie down and 'twill rest you, and for a time make you forget the hunger. And while you're lying down, Simon, I'll stand watch."

And I made ready to lie down, when I thought of his sweater I was wearing. I unbuttoned my oil-jacket to get at it. "It's colder already, skipper, and you will be needing it."

"No, it is you will be needing it, Simon. Being

on my feet, d'y' see, I can thrash around and keep warm."

"But will you call me and take it if it grows too cold, skipper?"

"I'll call you when I want it—lie down now."

"A wonderful calm night, full as quiet as last night, skipper," I said, "only no harm in this night—no gale before us on the morrow."

"No, Simon," he said—"naught but peace before us. But lie down, you, boy."

"And you'll call me, skipper," I said, "when my watch comes?"

"I'll call you when I've stood my full watch. Lie down now."

I lay down, meaning to keep awake. But I fell asleep.

I thought I felt a hand wrapping something around me in the night, and I made to sit up, but a voice said, "Lie down, boy," and I lay down and went to asleep again.

When I awoke it was to the voices of strange men, and one was saying: "He will be all right now."

I sat up. I was still in the dory, and saw men standing over me; and other men were looking down from a vessel's side. Ice was thick on the rail of the vessel.

It was piercing cold and I was weak with the

fire of the pains running through my veins, but remembering, I tried to stand up. "H-sh-h, boy!" they said, "you are all right," and would have held me down while they rubbed my feet and hands.

I stood up among them, nevertheless, and looked for Hugh Glynn. He was on the after thwart, his arms folded over the gunnel and his forehead resting on his arms. His woollen shirt was gone from him. I looked back and in the waist of the dory I saw it, where they had taken it off me; and the sail of the boat he had wrapped around me, too; and his woollen mitts.

I lifted his head to see his face. If ever a man smiled, 'twas he was smiling as I looked. "Skipper! O skipper!" I called out; and again: "O skipper!"

One of the men who had been rubbing my feet touched my shoulder. "Come away, boy; the voice o' God called him afore you."

And so Hugh Glynn came to his green grave ashore; and so I came home to marry Mary Snow; and in the end to father the children which may or may not grow great as he predicted. But great in the eyes of the world they could become, greater than all living men, it might be, and yet fall far short in our eyes of the stature of

the man who thought that 'twas better for one to live than for two to die, and that one not to be himself.

Desperate he was and lawbreaking, for law is law, whosoever it bears hard upon; but the heart was warm within him. And if my children have naught else, and it is for their mother and me to say, the heart to feel for others they shall have; and having that, the rest may follow or not, as it will; which would be Hugh Glynn's way of it, too, I think.

MOTHER MACHREE

Mother Machree

'TWAS when the black smallpox swept over the islands from the mainland he died, and not long after my father was lost in the great gale that destroyed all before it on the west coast that was. In from the western ocean came the wild wind, and my father that was out in his fine, stout yawl ran before it for shelter. But the men that were out in their poor little curraghs, they couldn't run without smothering before it, so he stopped to take them with him.

And, taking the last of them, his yawl was borne by a sea to the sky and a roaring of wind that dashed back the wild gulls themselves before ever their beating wings could take them from out of their nests in the side of the cliff. And my mother and my one brother and myself, we stood together atop of that same cliff and watched the great wave when it rolled in, and when it rolled back I thought my mother would go with it, she with her hands stretched out over the edge of the cliff, looking down while the yawl and all were in it were dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks below.

"Mother, mother," I said, taking hold of her hand, "don't let you be going, too!"

"God in heaven," says my mother, "but 'tis the cruel blow! O my Jimmie, my little Jimmie, 'tis only you is left me now!" 'Twasn't of me she thought at all that day, as why should she? —me with my own husband and my own cabin and my own baby at the time to my breast.

No fine, stout yawl of his father's had Jimmie then, to be making a living for his mother. Hard work it was, but 'twasn't him would let on that 'twasn't a joy to be pulling and hauling through all the day long and sometimes half the night again all by himself in his little boat.

A straight, slim, hardy, grown boy was Jimmie then, the spit of his father. "Jimmie, my little lad, have a care o' yourself now," my mother would say, "for let you go and they might as well be laying me down in the grave along with you."

"Mother asthore," Jimmie would say, "sure after taking father from you, and him for no fault of his own, 'tisn't God would be taking me, too."

Whistling he would go and whistling he would return. To cheer her up that was, for by nature his ways were his father's ways, and 'twas his father's way to be quiet and thinking-like always, unless 'twould be at a christening or a wedding, when the holy Pope himself would be expected to smile.

And never a time that Jimmie passed out the

door but she would be looking after him and his curragh from the little cove till it was gone from sight in the big bay; and if while he was gone the gale would rise, not a moan of it but would stir a moan of her own. "God forgive me for a weak woman," she would say then, "but 'tis like the hand o' death itself is making a harp of my heart-strings!"

And then the black smallpox I was speaking of came, and first one and then another it took, and then by twos and threes they went. And the Crown doctor came out in his boat from the mainland and set up a pest-house on the side of a hill. And it was winter time, with the cold snow to the height of a man's knee.

"'Tis to no pest-house they would take one o' mine," said my mother; and 'twas to no pest-house they carried Jimmie when he was taken down. With the door barred against the doctors, Crown or no Crown, we nursed him, my mother by night and myself by day, and little Gerald not weaned of my breast at the time.

And 'twas terrible to see my mother then. Down on her two knees she would go in prayer for him then, if it wasn't making the broth or wiping the face of him she was at the moment, and the tears coming slow and heavy from her eyes she'd say: "O God that loves us all, spare my

little lad to me! Or, if you must take him, take me along with him!" And Jimmie would lie there, the poor blackened face of him looking into his mother's, and he'd say: "I'm striving, mother—God knows I'm striving not to be leaving you!"

And I saw how it would be with my mother if Jimmie died. And there was a holy well in the island named after Saint Ann, who was a great saint in those parts, and my own name is Ann. And with never a word to my mother of what I had in mind, I went to where by the highroad was the holy well, with a great cross made of cement and smooth, round little sea stones above it. And beside that cross I knelt to Saint Ann, that my mother had named me for, to ask for courage for what I was about to do. And then I prayed, and the words do whisper in my ears now of how I prayed to our Father in heaven that if it was his will for one of our family to die, that it would be my child he would take, for my husband and myself we were young and other children would not be denied us, but if Jimmie died my mother would have none she could call her own all the long years before her, if so it wouldn't be she would die along with him.

And it was dark, with never a moon or a star in the sky to show me the way home again, but

no light did I need, when from the holy well straight across the snowy fields I flew to my little Gerald that I thought I could hear in the dark night calling me: and there he was that never since the hour he was born having an ache or a pain—with eyes weeping up to me when in my arms I had him again, like a child beyond his age, to ask me what strange thing was it was ailing him. And there was Jimmie, that had been rolling in agony, now wide awake in the sweat of health and saying: "Mother, mother, 'tis come like a prayer within me that I'm to be cured at last."

All that night I crooned little Gerald in my bosom, never for a breath leaving him go of my arms, for the truth of what was before me was by then deep in my heart. And the yellow sun rising up over the hills of the mainland shone on Jimmie sitting up and cured of his illness; but that selfsame sun falling down that same night below the western ocean left only my dead baby and a great blackness to me.

And I carried him to my own cabin, and the little face and body of him—once so lovely and white, but now all black-like—I laid him in among the snow-white sheets of his own cradle; and on the low settle before the fire, keeping my death-watch of him till his father would come in

from the sea, my thoughts went back to the hour when I heard his first little cry.

And a woman may bear twenty children again, or she may listen to all the cries of all the little children born into the world for as long as her life shall last, but the first cry of her first-born, she will know that little cry from out of them all. Sixty years and more that was, and 'tis singing again in my ears. And always it will. And from that first cry my mind went on—every hour of his growth to the last day I had nursed him on the cliff in the sun, he looking up from my breast to my face and then wisely out over the sea, as if himself, too, was waiting the sight of the brown yawl of his father sailing in from the west.

And the nights I would sit as I was sitting then before the blue smoke of the fire, planning against the day he would go out in the world and make his gallant way! No dragging and hauling of nets and trawls did I have in mind for him, but a captain to lead great fleets before the kings of the world he was to be. And now all my high hopes of him—gone like a wind in the night they were.

'Twas the long, long wait before I heard his father's step on the flags and his voice from where by the door he was hanging up his wet sea things. "And where's me little sailorman at all?"

he asked when he didn't hear him cooing and toddling from some corner across the floor to him; and when he stepped within—his head lowered and one shoulder before the other the way he was compelled to, he was that tall and broad, to let himself in through the door—and near to me I saw his face that for two days had been hard set against the wind and the spray, but now all soft and bright-like in the way it would be when home he would come from the sea—'twas then for the first time I doubted did I do well.

He bent over the cradle and drew back the coverlet, after the way of him, to see the face of his boy. And not for a little time did he have a notion of how it was. When he did he took him up to see him better, and then he looked at me, and "'Tis so," I said.

"And for what black sin o' mine did you go and leave me—myself and your poor mother, acushla?" he said, and drew him—oh, so close and tender to him.

And he came and sat by me on the settle before the fire and held the little body at arm's length before him; and by and by he spoke.

"'Twill be like beating into harbor of a wild night and finding no beacon-light before me from now on, Gerald avick. 'Twas when I would be to the tiller of the yawl, miles before ever I would

raise the high cliff itself, I could see the little cabin and you, the little lad, rolling fat and laughing on the floor. And the great thoughts I had of you, from the day you were born till the day I'd go to my grave—deep in the sea or high on the land, wherever that grave might be—thoughts of how when for the first time I would take you with me in the yawl and you would look out on the wide ocean, myself standing beside you, to watch the blue eyes of you grow big and dark if 'twas the great roll of that same ocean would be growing in your mind, or deep and slim, with your little eyebrows lowering down when 'twas a far-away ship you would be wishful to make out. And I would curl my hand to the tiller, the way I would be one day curling your little hand within my own to hold it and telling you of the ways of the high sea and the tall ships. 'A great sailor I'll be making of you,' I would say to myself. 'Master of the sea and whatever class of ship it is you'll choose to sail in when 'tis a fine big man you've grown to be.' And now, God help me, 'tisn't the bright sun is shining down on God's blue sea, but the black night that's on me and yourself, acushla, laying dead across my two knees!"

'Twas wrung from me aloud. "O John, John," I said, "to be denying the like of you the living

joy of your own child! But it wasn't from want of love of the lad or you that I wished it!" I told him then.

And no word of blame did he have for me.

"'Tisn't for you or for me to question the ways o' God, Nanna Wan," he said. "If it wasn't God's will, 'tisn't God would take him."

But he cried as if himself was a little child, and 'tis right and natural that women should cry—but a strong man to cry—no, no. "God spare me," I said that night, "from ever again to have the hearing of it."

And we carried him high up on the side of the hill where I did be going until I was ten years of age to look for the fairy queen on Christmas eve. I would lie there in the cold twilight behind a flat rock to see her unbeknownst when she would come walking atop of the waves with the golden crown on her golden head and her blue-and-silver robes trailing in the sea behind her. 'Tis the foolish child's mind I had that time, believing everything was told me till long past my child's days. And there we buried him; and to no fishing would John go again until he had carved a little headstone, myself on the settle before the peat fire beside him to tell him the better how to fashion the letters that sometimes he would be doubtful of.

The black plague passed, but a long, hard year it was after the little lad was gone, with not a night that I wasn't weeping myself to sleep for the want of his little hands reaching up to me in the dark. And then came the black famine on the mainland and the failure of the fishing in the islands, and it came to me then that the dreams I did have for our children would never come to be anything more than the light talk of young girls on the rocks in the sun, if we lived longer there. And so I spoke to John of going to America.

"Is it leave here," he said, "where for all the long years since farther back than the parish records go my fathers and forefathers and your own before them have followed the sea?"

"It is," I said.

"And where our fathers and forefathers, yours and mine, from first to last, except such as are deep in the ocean, do lie buried?"

"It is," I said.

And we sold our little cabin and John gave over his fine, stout yawl to Jimmie, and we said good-by to everybody and sailed on a ship was leaving for America; and sailing out past the island it was hard enough it was to be looking back on my mother and Jimmie and the little grave where Gerald was. "There 'tis," said John, "high up where no sand from the sea will ever

wash up to hide it, and there 'twill be, his little grave, for the light of the sun and the blue heaven to fall upon till the island is sunk in the sea or Judgment Day itself will come."

Nine weeks we were out on that ship, a weak-made, leaky ship with sails that were not able to withstand the force of the wind, and after a great storm they put us into boats, John and I in the long-boat with the captain and the second mate. A terrible, huge man the second mate was.

And we rowed and sailed on the wide ocean two days and two nights, until the captain said 'twould be bad weather again. And I asked John and he said yes, 'twould be moderately bad weather again. And the captain had a great fear, and he says to the second mate: "We'll have to begin to lighten this boat or she will founder." Before this there had been a whispering between them and a looking over the passengers in the boat. "To your work!" the captain said now. "You know what to do."

And the huge mate steps over to the nearest man passenger and picks him up in his arms and throws him into the sea. And from one to the other he went. "You next!" and "Your turn now!" he would say, till he had thrown over all the single men in the boat—six in all. Two he

dragged shrieking from their seats, and another was good as dead before ever he threw him over, in terror at the thought of the poor mother he was leaving friendless in a strange world behind him.

Still the boat wasn't light enough, and "The married men now!" says the captain, and the big mate turns to a young fellow that reminded me something in his ways of my own brother Jimmie. And his young wife had been listening to some talk between myself and John, so in the terror of her husband being torn from her she leaps up and said: "Captain, there's a man here is wise in the ways of the sea, and he is saying there is a way to save the boat and all is in it."

"He does, does he!" says the captain. "Let him stand up, this wise man, till I see him!" And the young wife turns to John, and in all innocence he stands up.

And the captain looks him up and looks him down, and he says: "So 'tis you, you big lummox, who knows more of the sea than the master of the ship, is it?" And he turns to the big mate. "Take him next, instead," he says.

And John says: "But 'tis foolish and cruel to be casting poor, innocent men in fear like this into the sea."

"You next, I said!" calls out the captain, and

nods his head to the huge, big mate, who steps over the seats in the boat, crowding men and women to one side to reach John.

I was cold with the fear of it, for I knew John wasn't one to go against the captain's word on a ship at sea, where it was as much law as a judge's itself in a grand court on the mainland back home. And up to that time I hadn't told him that God had listened to my prayers and was to give me a child to take the place of the little lad was dead. And I stood up beside him and said: "And is it you, John Lacy, will let yourself be sacrificed by a fear-stricken man and your unborn baby go fatherless all the days of his life?"

And with that John turns to me with one arm stretched out to hold the mate from him, and "Nanna Wan, Nanna Wan," he says, "do you tell me that?"

And I said, "'Tis true, John," and John says over the mate's shoulder: "Listen to me, will you, captain? 'Tis well I know what a terrible thing it is to go contrary to the master of a ship at sea, but 'tis a foolish, cruel thing you have your mind set on."

"Are you going to attend to that man or not?" says the captain.

And then I stood up, knowing John was no one to speak for himself, and I said: "Captain, if

you will give me a moment to tell it—my husband has a wonderful skill in the management of small boats."

And an old fisherman from the islands that was there with his old wife stood up then and said: "'Tis true, sir, what this young woman says—all from our place knows it. The fishermen of all Galway Bay speak so of him."

At that the captain drew a pistol with two long barrels from his bosom, and "What did I order you to do?" he roars at the mate.

The mate, without more delay, grappled with John and John grappled with him, and 'twas a terrible time they had of it wrestling among the seats, though small fear I had of the huge mate overcoming John. But the captain, half rising from his seat from time to time, his pistol held before him—that he would come to the help of the mate I did have fear.

"You are not striving as you should, John Lacy," I said.

"'Tis true, I'm not, Nanna Wan, but 'tisn't for me to gainsay a ship's captain."

"When he is a captain," I said. "But 'twas the way of captains in your family and my family, where we've had captains back to the French and Spanish trading days, to be guarding their passengers' lives before their own; and have heed

you of the child in my womb and what will become of us when you are cast into the sea."

'Twas then he lifted the mate above his head, meaning no more harm than to throw him into the stern of the boat, but the mate made one clutch of John going, and together they fell sidewise from the boat. The mate did not rise out of the sea again, but John did, and gripped the rail in the stern of the boat doing so, and as he did so the captain with his long pistol shot at him, but, what with John and the boat bouncing up and down on the waves, he did but hardly hit him through his thick pea-jacket in the shoulder, and before he could fire the second shot John reached up with his free hand and pulled the captain down into the sea and left him there. After John had climbed safe up into the boat the women among us said a prayer for their souls, but it was a long while before the men had any but black words for them.

By that time the wind was wailing, and the ocean all about us was growing white under our eyes; so without more delay John took two small casks that had been emptied of fresh water, and with them and the mast and the sails and a small anchor that was in the boat he makes a cunning drogue, and all that day and night we lay there with that dragging ahead of one bow, the boat

bobbing high up and down with the waves, but no more harm coming to us than to a sea-gull itself.

Next day the sea calmed, but there was yet some wind. "But no more than will make a good sailing breeze for the boat," said John. "And from the east, too, it is—a fine, fair, fresh wind to hurry us on to America." And himself sitting in the captain's seat in the stern of the boat, he sailed her, with no other help, to land.

When the law-officers came down to the boat and every one pointed out John as their leader, he told them what had happened, and many in the boat were vexed for the simple way he told it.

"Tell them," says they, "the terrible, huge man the mate was."

" 'Tis no little dwarf I am myself," was all he said to that.

"And the black hate shining out from the face of that black-hearted captain—tell them that," said they.

And John only said to that: " 'Tis only natural he would be vexed at one would take his place from him."

They took him to the prison and held him there; and after many months they tried him before a high court. The other people in the boat were by then scattered far and wide. For twenty

years of his life they sentenced him, to make an example, they said, of the man who would make way with his lawful commander on the high seas. The law was there, and clear enough.

And hatred of such laws—no more to be altered than marble—was in me all the months my child was coming to life. And Jerome I named him when he was born; and when I could no longer deny his father—nor myself—the joy of a sight of his child, I took the few pounds we had landed with and paid my way with it to the far-away prison. And in the prison was an officer that was harsh to John, setting him down as a black murderer; but he saw the little child I was holding so his father could kiss him between the prison bars, and from then on he was milder to John. And that in itself was a great comfort to be thinking of.

'Twas that same prison-officer told a great man in the community, a great barrister in that day, of John, and of a winter's night that man came to see me, a thick-set man with a head like a gray rock on his shoulders, in the little attic room where I was meshing nets by the light of the tin lamp for the bit of rent and the bite that was nourishing myself and Jerome, himself at the moment asleep in a basket by the little stove with the few little sticks of wood in it that kept us from freez-

ing in the cold night. Mr. Ladfrey was his name, and he questioned me at great length, the while a young fellow was with him set down the answers in a slim black book he had. And going away Mr. Ladfrey said: "Law is law, Mrs. Lacy, and if sometimes one fails of its intent, law was never meant to destroy honest people. A great blunder was made, Mrs. Lacy, in not drawing your full story from you and your husband on the witness-stand. I will see what I can do."

And 'twas he that in good time brought John his freedom, against the wishes of the friends of the captain and of many that knew no more of John than of the moon in the sky, beyond the belief, not to be shaken out of them, that he was a destroying villain. "And mark him well," I said to Jerome—"the man who came to save the poor stranger in a strange land. 'Tis on the likes o' him the grace o' God should fall. And if ever the day comes you can do him or his a good turn and you fail in doing it, I'll die of shame of you." A hundred times I said that to him growing up and to whoever else had time to hear me out.

Jerome growing up was like no child ever I had after him. Not a child ever I had but hated what was evil, but in Jerome it was a religion like, and if the evil was protected by laws, then "Do away with such laws!" he would say. For me to chide

him for that I could not; for in the months when he was yet unborn, and after, 'twas the same thoughts were in me. What comes with our mother's milk, 'tis never fair gone from us till down in our graves we are laid—that I know.

To be roving strange countries and fighting for people he thought was wronged—that was his wish growing up. And wandering he went when he was old enough. And what with my not knowing where on the face of the world he might be and too well knowing where his father was—out in the wild sea in his little boat—no night ever did I go to bed without a long prayer it wouldn't be at the bottom of the sea or beside the boreen of some black forest the one or the other would find his grave at last.

But God's eye was on him, as it had been on his father when in the navy he went to fight for his new country, when Jerome was yet no more than a child. Safe back his father came then, as always did Jerome now. And to see Jerome, the wild soldier, come home, you would think to be rolling on the kitchen floor with his little nieces or nephews was his most daring wish. Stories he would charm them with, and when they would fall asleep on his breast he would take them up and lay them in their little beds as gentle and soft as their own mothers would.

Innocent and simple he was in many ways, and yet to grown people he would talk of things would make them curl up in their chairs with horror, or of things would send them in gales of laughter or drive strong men to cross the floor with tears in their eyes to shake hands with him and to be saying: "God save you, Jerome, but the heart is like a warm fire within you!" A pure delight and terror he was in the free days of his roving manhood.

And so it was until the day he told me he would rove no more for a time. "And is it that you've destroyed all the evil in the world, Jerome?" I said to him.

"Mother machree," he said, and looked at me the way he had—his sea-blue eyes and every white tooth in his head smiling at me—"if maybe I fought now and again on a side that had its share of tricksters, bear in mind 'twas the youthful innocence of me that took every man on his own word."

"And are you so much wiser now, Jerome avick, after all your travels?"

"I'm no wiser than ever I was, mother; although surely a knowledge of evil has been driven into me, and in high places no less than low. And there is the pain of too much knowledge when 'tis of evil, mother—when a shining robe

is, by accident it might be, blown away, to learn what a corruption of a carcass is too often lying beneath it. There's a man in this city—" He named him then and questioned me did I know him.

"Who does not?" I said. "A man of high station, no less, and great things to be read in the papers about him."

"And yet greater things you would read of him, mother, if he could find a yet cleverer man to write them."

"'Tis a common human vanity, Jerome," I said to that, "and in itself no great villainy, to be wanting to shine great in the eyes of the world."

"But to be shining great that their own pleasures may be greater—'tis no simple vanity is there. No, no, mother. Many queer corners of this world I've travelled and many kinds of villains I've known at close grips—thieves, cutthroats, robbers, murderers, and so on—and no wonderful harm in many of them beyond the evil of their calling. Some, indeed, there were of likeable ways—some such I have been beholden to, now and again, for a kindness. But"—and I grew cold with the chill was in his voice and his eyes—"there are creatures of a sort of villainy that these I've spoken of are white-robed saints beside."

"Jerome, Jerome," I said, "you talk strangely!"

"Let it rest there, then—at strange talk—for 'tisn't me, mother, would wish the innocence of you to understand, beyond knowing from me that the grandson of that great and good man who saved father from prison is in the way of being drawn to his ruination. And with no full notion of it himself."

I knew 'twas not in Jerome to lie. "What a terrible thing," I said, "that a man may strive to be all that is good himself and still no telling will the people after him be good, too!"

"Like many another heir to a fair name, 'tis enmeshed in flattery he is and will listen to no words," said Jerome. "But I will prove to him before his own sight with what manner of villainy he is faced."

And as all men know now, Jerome killed the man he had in mind, meaning not to. With his two bare hands and never a notion of the terrible strength that was in him in his rages, he squeezed the thick neck till the breath was no longer coming from the vile body. And it was like him then to say no word for himself. "If I say a word at all I will say too much," he said. "After all, the manner of a man's death, so he should have death, is a small matter."

Years ago that was; and Jerome still in prison

for it when his father lay on his dying bed, and he was saying: "Nanna Wan, 'tis come to me that my time is short and there is three, or maybe four, things I would like to have hope of before I go."

"And what are they, Shaun?" I asked.

"To be seeing first of all that will be there the face of little Gerald that we buried long ago in Aran, when my time in purgatory I've served for my sins and into the next world I have passed."

"That will be as God wills, John," I said; "but surely he won't deny you that after your more than eighty years of hard life. But would you know him, John," I said, "after sixty-two years?" saying that to save myself saying something sadder.

"Know him?" he said, "know him?"—vexed-like with me. "My own first-born that I held dead across my two knees through all the black night after he died?"

"Don't I know you would know him, John? And what else?"

"I was thinking of my days in the navy in the war, and how when the war was over the captain said to me: 'John Lacy, you should stay in the navy and have a fine pension against your old age.'

"'But what of my young age, sir?' I said—

'and my family, it might be, on the one side of the world and myself in China or elsewhere on the other? What comfort would I have of them or they of me?' And others on the ship were of my mind. And I was thinking the while I was lying here, Nanna Wan, of what few shipmates is left living of my old ship in the war—and how it would be a grand sight to be having them at my grave and folding the flag about my coffin."

"They will, Shaun," I says. "They have spoke of it, two or three, to me before this."

"And that my own son, Father Tom, will say the dead mass for me from the high altar, Nanna Wan."

"Though his heart will be breaking, 'tis promised already to me, Shaun—to say the mass over his father."

"I see," he says, with the sly little smile would come to him sometimes, "I see that my death will be taking no one unbeknownst, Nanna Wan."

"'Tis no secret, John, that only the strength of the granite rock itself was in you 'tis dead and buried weeks ago you would be."

"'Tis maybe"—with a little roll of pride in the bed he said it—"a moderately strong man I was in my day, though, as to that, never half the equal, I've often thought, of my own father, God rest his soul, or his father before him. There was

a huge, strong man came from the mainland to the outer isle, and myself a little boy at the time—" and he went on to tell of a great trial of strength this huge man and his grandfather had, and by that I knew he was near to his end, for 'twas often he'd said that a man's strength was something given him of God, and why should a man be vain of it any more than if it was a red or a black beard, or no beard at all, he had?

"What else have you in mind, John?" I said, when he had done telling how his grandfather had conquered the man from the mainland.

"Whisper, Nanna Wan," and I saw 'twasn't of pride in his past great strength he had now in mind. "Whisper, Nanna Wan, but 'twould be a great comfort to me"—and he wistful as a little child saying it—"to have the hope of seeing Jerome saying a prayer beside the coffin of me before 'tis laid in my grave I am."

"'Tis only the governor of the State can pass on that, John," I said.

"I know, but will you go to him, Nanna Wan—you that did always do the talking for the two of us—and say the poor boy's father on his dying bed did ask it. He will listen to you."

"I will go to him," I said, which pleased him.

And within the hour, with the grace of God in his heart and the praise of God on his lips, I was

helping him to fold his hands across his breast the while the bells from his own church were calling the parish to Sunday vespers. He knew then for what they were. "The holy bells!" he whispered when I bent down to him, and smiled like and died.

And I called on the governor next morning in his grand office. "Mrs. Lacy?" he said, by way of asking who I could be.

"The mother of Brian Lacy," I said, knowing how every one knew of him—"and of Maurice and Michael Lacy."

"Oh-h!" he said, and I sat in the chair he placed for me, and told the story, every word as I've told it here, from the beginning of the plague in the islands to John's dying words. And all kindness and gentleness he was, pacing to the wide window that looked over the fresh, green lawn and back again the while he was wiping his glasses and myself telling my long story.

"I remember the case, Mrs. Lacy," he said. "The man had powerful friends. They had to stand by him—to save themselves, some of them. I'll see that your son Jerome is given liberty to attend the funeral."

He asked after Brian then, and I told him how never did Brian find himself near the city but he would come to see us, and how his father would,

the first thing, fill an old black pipe for him and another for himself, and how he would sit and chat, and how 'twas my delight to watch the pair of them blowing great gobs of smoke to the ceiling and gossiping like two chums across the kitchen table, and how the last time he was in the city he said he would paint a picture of me some day. "'Some day?' I said. 'And haven't you seen the face of me often enough yet to make a picture of me?'

"'Ah, but mother,' he says, 'it is more than your face I want to put into it.'"

"I saw a painting of your son's the other day," said the governor then—"of a great wave rolling down, and before I knew it I found myself turning my ear to hear the rush of it. You've given gifted sons to the world, Mrs. Lacy. You should be a proud woman."

"Gifted, sir?" I says. "If one of mine has a greater gift than another, 'tis a matter less of pride to me or to them it should be than of debt to some great nature gone before us. When I was a growing girl and would sit with my father, God rest his soul, before the fire of a winter's night, or on the rocks outside of a summer's evening, he would talk to me of many things, and when he would speak of the sea 'twould be like the voice of the sea itself was speaking. Great gentlemen

would come from far places to see him on their holidays, and some of the things he would say they would write down. And one of them said to him one time: 'You could bring great fame to yourself in the great world, Mr. Lacy.'

"'And a great desolation, doubtless, to my family!' said my father to that.

"'A great gift will die with you,' said the gentleman.

"'It may be,' said my father, 'but come here, Anneen,' he says to me. 'Fine sons and daughters of your own you'll be having some day, Anneen acushla, and who knows that of them will not be one or two to tell the great world of the things your people before you have been feeling within them for ages past. And if it ever comes to pass to a child of yours, Anneen, then do you tell him that if he will some day come out of his way and look out from the top of the cliff here and say: "If I know more than another of any one thing on this earth, 'tis you and yours and the grace o' God that I have to thank for it." If he will but say that, then I for one, if 'tis in the sea I'm resting, will promise now that what the crawling crabs have left of me will roll over in the tide on the kelp o' the ocean's bed and say: "God speed you, boy, but 'tis you that's welcome!"' He laughed at his great visitor and then down

on me when he said that, but 'twasn't always a joke with him when he laughed."

"And did any of your sons ever go back there, Mrs. Lacy?" the governor said to me then.

"The day came, sir," I said, "when the three sons you've named stood on that cliff and cast the wild flowers that they had gathered from between the rocks down on the sea at the foot of the cliff where their grandfather was lost. And one after the other they went to lay a blue flower, or a red one it might be, on the grave of their brother Gerald; and they would have taken up the grave and all was in it and brought it to be laid in a grave here, but I said no. 'Let the lovely body of him fall to dry dust,' I said, 'beside the sea where his mother's father gave up his life for others. 'Tis there he was born and 'tis there he should lie,' I told them, 'in the place where people believe in the power of holy wells, and where children up to ten years of age do walk to the high hill to see the fairy queen on Christmas eve.'

"No, sir," I said to the governor, "seven sons and four daughters do call me mother, and no day but their children, one or more of them, do come in loving-kindness to my knee. Not all of my eleven living children may have a great gift, but as my father, God love his memory, would

say: 'You can spend your gift and never any one have it again, or you can cherish it to pass it on, in greater strength it may be, to some one to come after you.' And who knows, sir," I said, "that many another the world will never hear of may not be passing the gift along to some one that will make fuller use of it? No, no, sir, seven good sons and four good daughters I have living, and not one would I place before the other. Still less would I put any one of them all before the poor lad that's now within the prison walls."

It was two mornings ago when I saw the governor, and this morning before the coffin left the house for the church Jerome came to me from the prison.

"Jerome avick, let me see you in the free light of the sun, for free you are to be all the days of your life, the governor said." And he stood before me; and his hair, that used to be black as a shining black rock under a running tide, it was white as the same tide running white before the gale; and his face, that was one time brown as the brown sail of his father's yawl, 'twas gray as a gray rock now, and thin like the two sides of a fish dried in the sun—oh, old and worn he was beyond his years—never again would he be the roving soldier, but it wasn't for his mother to tell him that.

"Jerome," I said, "they will soon be taking the body of your father to where the solemn mass will be said for him by a holy priest o' God, his own son. And his voice rolling out the terrible lamentations from the high altar will fill the minds and hearts of all there with the wonder of death and judgment, and they will be giving him great praise for it, when 'tisn't him they should be praising, priest o' God though he is—'tis never his own voice it will be, but the voice of his people dead and gone before him chanting up through him from the depths of the deep, black sea, in sorrow from a grave that heard never a mass or a prayer when in it they were laid.

"And then down from the high altar he will come, Jerome," I said, "and say the blessed prayer for the dead above his coffin, and 'twill be full of the pain of death, but never a quiver of fear for it he will be feeling the while he is saying them, for 'tis in his blood to feel death but never to fear it. And after it will come the holy sprinkling water.

"And away from the altar-rail the black undertaker will roll the bier and the coffin on it, and then 'twill be you, Jerome, and myself beside you, will follow after."

"And 'tis then, mother," says Jerome, "that they will whisper all over the church: 'Is it the

black murderer she is choosing to walk behind her dead husband?' "

"No, Jerome," I said, "but 'tis then that they will whisper all through the church: ' 'Tis the eldest son she has chosen to be with her, and herself as proud of him as a woman may be that walks behind her husband's coffin.' "

And so it was—six tall sons and four good daughters—and their grown children after them —to follow his bier out the middle aisle, but before them all was Jerome; and 'twas Jerome was by my side when down into the black earth the coffin was lowered. And 'twas then, when the first sod was thrown on his body, I needed him. 'Twas like something striking me a blow inside, the sound of that first sod on the coffin.

"Mother machree," he said, " 'tis worn and torn your heart is for love of us all."

"Jerome avick," I said to that, " 'tis worn and torn the hearts of mothers were before me and will be again—God help their children if they're not. I go to no more funerals, Jerome, till I go to my own—stay by me you till then."

" 'Tis myself, mother," he says, "will lay you down in the earth with my own hands."

And so he will, though his heart will burst apart the while he will be doing it. And seven sons and four daughters I have, and not one

would I set before the other in the eyes of the world, but in Jerome is the gift I chose, the best gift of all for him before ever he was born.

"Father in heaven," I prayed before he came to me, "make him one will feel for others' pain the longest day he lives!" And that He did.

DOWN RIVER

Down River

IT was forenoon of a bright Sunday, and by and by the down-river boat came whistling and chugging around the bend to the landing.

The *Creole Belle* she was, bound to New Orleans. She tied up, lowered her stage, and onto the bank piled her roustabouts; and as they did so every waiting colored girl there began to roll eyes at them.

From the bank to the boat the chatter flew. "Whar yo' all been so long, Sammie?" "Min' now yo' brings me somet'ing f'm N'Aw-leans nex' time up—min' now, Ab'aham!" "Ain't yo' all nebber gwine stop off yer agin—ain't yo', Cyrus?"

And from the roustabouts, hustling cord-wood as they shouted: "I ain't been laid off yit, but any time yo' cares to tek a trip down ribber!" And "Huh, huh, Chloe, dere yo' is wid yo' laffin' mout'!" And "'Deedy yes, I's de man ain't never gwine forgit yo', gal!"

I greeted Captain Joe, went aboard, and was watching things with Charlie Stuart from the cabin-deck, when a pretty mulatto girl, with a

bulging carpetbag, stepped onto the stage to the boat, just as one particular husky-looking rousta was loping down the stage to the bank.

"Mah soul, dis you, Dinah?" he grinned, and stopped dead to have a further word with her; but "You black Buzzard, you, come on yer an' hustle this fire-wood!" barked Captain Joe from the bank.

"Mah Lawd 'n' soul, dis yer's a wear'some world!" sighed Buzzard, and resumed his lope down the stage.

By the time we had taken on the fire-wood and shoved out into the stream, the mulatto girl was sitting on a canned-goods box next the boat guard, and Buzzard was sitting close by. "So you is sho' gwine down ribber dis time, Dinah?"

Diana eyed him haughtily. "You Buzzard—I has no time fo' you, man! I has bizniss on dis boat. I's gwine visit mah Aunt Lindy down to Layton's Landin'."

"Huh, huh!" cackled Buzzard, "an' I has a gran'mammy to Layton's Landin'."

"What all I know 'bout yo' gran'mammy? Whar was yo' last Christmas week?"

No more of that conversation floated up to us, because the call to dinner came to the roustas below. A few minutes later the dinner-bell rang for us also.

We heard a commotion on the lower deck as we were sitting down to eat. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said Captain Joe, and went out. He was soon back. "That black nigger Buzzard was talkin' to that yeller wench come abo'd the last landin', when that other big yeller nigger, Cyrus Larmie, comes along an' puts in a word. An' Buzzard didn't like it."

There was one other cabin passenger. Joe had already said of him: "If he was one o' them young ladies brought up in a convent, I don't reckon he'd be more backward." This passenger, Layton by name, asked timidly: "Did you stop them, captain?"

"I stopped them—after they had it out," said Captain Joe. "They c'n fight all they want to so they don't stop hustlin' freight when there's freight to hustle."

"How did it end?" I asked.

"There's only one endin' to a fight abo'd this boat when Buzzard turns himself loose. After one or two or three or fo' minutes, Buzzard goes over to the guard, draws a bucket of water from the river an' washes the blood off his hands. An' I tell the other nigger if he ain't over the stage at the next landin' I'll take it outer his time. He's sure a powerful nigger, that Buzzard. And a *good* nigger. An' that yeller wench had been

comin' down to that landin' back yonder pretty reg'lar till along about a couple o' months ago, when she stopped. There was a no-'count white sto'keeper to that landin' after her, an' I don't reckon she liked it. Buzzard ain't got too much sense, o' co'se, but the girl looks to have her share."

Joe stopped to peel a sweet potato. "It looks to me like she wants him. An' that's what he needs—some woman to come along an' present him with a fam'ly an' say: 'Here, you, Buzzard, here's yo' chillen, an' time you quit yo' foolin' an' look after 'em.' "

It was still bright Sunday, but we had left Arkansas well behind. The *Creole Belle* had been running along, working heedfully into the bends and around the shoals, but rushing the straight reaches at a good seventeen miles an hour.

Layton came out of his room, and in silence contemplated the river life as it slid past us. The shadows had settled on the Mississippi bank to the one hand and the sun gone below the Louisiana levee on the other, before he spoke: "All day long," he said then, and his face was the face of a pilgrim nearing his shrine, "I have been observing the life along the banks of this great river. It is just as my father told me. And the times

he has spoken of these things! Of this very time of the year—too early to plough or plant—the fields with the dried-up cotton-plants and corn-stalks left over from last year's crops. And the sugar mills and the gin houses, and the little cabins of the negroes peering up over the levees!"

The supper-bell rang then; Stuart came up from the freight-deck, bringing Captain Joe with him. Stuart was one who believed that a little drink now and then never hurt anybody, especially before meals. Automatically he led the way through the dining-room to the bar. Layton was about to sit down to the table alone, when Stuart spotted him. "Won't you join us," asked Stuart, "in a small libation to the god—or goddess—whichever it is—of food?"

"I don't drink," said Layton, "but if I am not intruding and I may have a lemonade——"

"You may have a lemonade—or any other cooling compound you desire, sir. I prefer good Bo'bo'n whiskey myself."

The charm of Stuart, with two quick Bourbons under his belt, or perhaps his own two lemonades, loosened up Layton's tongue. He went on to tell, as we ate, how his father had come originally from Louisiana; but a long time since he'd left there and gone North and made a

fortune lightering cargoes on the water-fronts of the Great Lake ports.

"What place in Louisiana'd yo' father come from?" asked Captain Joe.

"I don't know, captain. He would never tell me just where, but when he died—four months ago—I found this in a box where he kept his papers. I asked Mr. Stuart early this morning, but he could not help me. Possibly you gentlemen can help me to locate it."

He drew from a pocketbook a picture post-card such as tourists mail to folks back home. On it was printed:

OLD SOUTHERN MANOR HOUSE

And it was a fine specimen of one, sitting up on a knoll with an avenue of moss-hung cypress-trees leading up to it.

Captain Joe looked at the picture side of the card; and then, with meaning, to Stuart. Again Joe glanced at it, and turned it carelessly over. There was some writing on that side.

"Nothing private in the writing, captain," put in Layton, and showed Joe what it was:

"*Where I was bawn. G. W. L.*"

in a loose, scrawling hand.

"My father—George Washington Layton—he

had not much education. While he was very young, his mother ran away from home with him. That was all he would tell me. I always imagined his mother had a bitter quarrel with his father. 'My father has a grand home in the South, but I don't want you to go there—never, boy. I want yo' to die respectin' yo' ancestors,' he said to me several times.

"'Yo' ancestors,'" repeated Layton. "He talked like that. 'But I want you to be of the kind that can meet ladies and gentlemen when you grow up,' he often said to me, and when I grew older he sent me to an expensive school—where I never felt at home. That was after my grandmother—his mother—died."

Joe was eying him sharply. "What did she look like—your grandmother?" he asked abruptly.

"My grandmother? I can barely remember her—a slim little black-eyed, black-haired woman, who never went out."

After a while, nobody saying anything, Layton put his post-card back into his pocketbook and went out on deck. Nobody spoke a word for another time again. Then Stuart lit a cigar, and Joe said: "Charlie, that's a picture of the old Layton house!"

"There are forty houses look like that in the South," said Stuart.

"Not with the double row o' cypress-trees leadin' from the landin' almost to the po'ch, there ain't, Charlie. And he said his father give his name as Layton. Now, Charlie, I been steamboatin' down-river since I was a boy, an' I don't remember ever hearin' o' no son George that old Layton had. There was a son, but he died of a hemorrhage same's his daddy did, after a drunk in New Aw-leans. I remember the day he was buried."

Stuart made no answer. Joe looked inquiringly at me. "I never knew much of the Laytons, captain," was all I could say.

"No," retorted Joe, "but you've lived long enough in the South to know about some things." He turned back to Stuart. "Charlie, you don't reckon——"

Stuart stood up. "Joe, all day long I been reckonin' rates and freights and discounts and bills o' lading and sight-drafts and a heap mo' things that nature never intended me to, and right now I'm goin' out on deck to smoke a seegar in comfort."

It was an hour or so after supper, and on the lower deck most of the roustas were dozing among the freight, all but one, who was trying to play on a jew's-harp, and a dozen or so who had found

a clear space and were shooting crap. Over by the guard-rail was the slim mulatto girl, alone; and streaming out from the fire-box was a great blaze of light, which shone onto the girl's figure. Presently two tall, muscular figures emerged from the recesses of the freight into the glow of light.

"All I has to say to yo', Cyrus Larmie," came in a heavy, rich, guttural voice from one, "is jess dis one word. Ah beat yo' up dis mawnin' once. An' ah's gwine beat yo' all up agin, an' two an' t'ree an' fo' times agin, ef yo' don' quit bodderin' dat yaller gal. Yo' all's got a woman wid chillen b'longin' to yuh in N'Aw-leans, an' I is a unmah'd man. Yo' hear me, nigger?" Cyrus faded back into the shadows, and Buzzard passed on through the valley of light to the guard-rail.

I made my way to the cabin-deck, and came up behind Stuart, with his chair tilted back against a stanchion and his feet up on the cabin-rail.

"Night," he was chanting to himself, "night and early spring in the Southland. Stars and the scent of jasmine. And a river a mile wide rolling from northern snows to tropic coral reefs."

Layton was standing under the cabin-deck lights, listening like a man entranced. "If this river could talk!" he uttered fervently.

The sound of his voice shook Stuart out of his revery; he peered up and saw Layton. "Oh!"

said Stuart, and Layton shrank, as might a faithful dog before the not quite pleased voice of his master.

Layton could not understand—and who could tell him there?—that Stuart, wakened suddenly out of a dream, was a Stuart of other days—of old days—slave-owning, well-to-do, lazy days. Knowing Stuart, I knew that. But in another moment the mood was gone; Stuart was now of the living day.

"Yes, Mr. Layton, if this old river could talk," he said, "she'd speak more than one piece—that's sure. Won't you sit down, sir?"

Layton smiled delightedly, and sat down.

"Yes, Mr. Layton, if this old river could talk! Of the old days, say, when planters would come aboard these boats with half a season's cotton crop, ready to gamble away in one night over the card-table, some of 'em—and gamble away a bunch o' slaves besides, sometimes.

"And the steamboats of those days, Mr. Layton! I recall my grandfather telling of a race up river, and how they tore the doors off her saloon, so the air could blow through without checkin' her speed. And how three or four young bucks of 'em threw a consignment of hams to a German firm in Saint Louis into the fire-pan to keep her steam up.

"Afterward," continued Stuart, "they paid a fine price for the hams. But can't you see 'em, Mr. Layton—the planters who owned their ten thousands of acres an' thousands o' slaves, and young people travellin' with 'em, with not a care in the world except to find mo' pleasure in it? Can't you see 'em on one o' those river boats of the old days—a string orchestra inside and the voice o' the old Mississip' singin' outside?

"They must 've had some hours worth livin'! But now—" With a sigh Stuart heaved himself up in his chair, and with another sigh let himself down. "There's a million dollars in Confederate money in my daddy's old safe at home—and nothing else. And I'm a cotton-buyer, competing with men that don't know, some of 'em, what the Civil War was about, but they know how to get the money—and nothing else. And if I don't watch out that's about all I'll know before I die. Yo, yo! but I feel like havin' another drink o' Bo'bo'n every time I think of it."

I left Stuart to his memories and to Layton, and moved to the after end of the cabin-deck. Here two forms—a man's and a young woman's—had climbed up onto the top tier of the piled-up cotton. From the cabin-deck I could have reached over and touched their heads. The man was Buzzard, the girl Diana.

"Now I's here, what yo' brought me yer fo'?" said the girl.

"Ah tuk yuh up yer whar dere's no rowdy roustas to be listenin', to 'splain 'bout dat Christmus week. An' 'twas disaway. Ah save mah money fo' eight weeks, an' I leave it wid Cap'n Joe. Ah say, 'Cap'n Joe, please don' gib me fo' not eben one drink o' whiskey tell Christmus week.' Is yo' listenin', Dinah?"

"I's listenin', but y'ain't tol' me yit."

"Ah's gwine tell yuh, gal. Come Christmus week, an' Cap'n Joe he han' over to me—oh, one-dollar, an' two-dollar, an' fi'-dollar, an' ten-dollar bills, an'—ah 'membah heem—one twenty-dollar bill. I ain't no ejcated mahn, Dinah, but ah sho' has a good eye fo' dem numbers on dem money bills. An' such a heap o' money! An' ah mek up mah min' what to do—ah's gwine git somebuddy write a letter to say I's acomin', Dinah, an' when ah's lookin' 'round, come Ab'aham Cosson an' Cy Larmie, an' dey say: 'Ain't yo' gwine buy a mahn a drink an' all dat money in holiday week, Buzzard?' Dey don' save deir money for no one gal lak ah do, Dinah, an' ah know dat. But ah buy dem a drink o' whiskey, an' anodder drink o' whiskey, an' bimeby dey say, 'Yo' sho' is one spo't, Buzzard,' an' evver one in dat barroom say I is a great spo't, an' den ah say

ah gwine be de bes' spo't of a nigger in all N'Aw-leans. An' ah buy one o' dem saw-aidged hats like Cap'n Joe wear fo' one fi'-dollar bill, an' ah buy mahself a pair o' patent-leather shoes. Dey have a time fittin' me, Dinah, but ah busts into 'em finely—seben dollars dey was. An' ah buy mahself a green silky shirt fo' fo' dollars, in de best buckra mahn's sto' in all N'Aw-leans. An' ah buy mahself a red necktie an' yaller gloves an' a high white collar an' white stockin's. An' den ah put dem clo'es an' mahself inside a cream-colored overcoat an' a checked suit o' clo'es dat de buckra mahn who sells 'em to me says dere ain't nuttin' like dem 'tween here an' Memphis. An', Dinah gal, ef yo' all'd ever seed me den, yo' sho' seed a black gen'man steppin' down a lane.

"An' ah buys one o' dem new yaller suitcases. Ah don't have nuttin' to put in it, but ah buys one, an' ah goes up to dat Ab'aham Linkum Hotel fo' cullud gen'men, an' I has one o' dem hot baths ah done hear white folks talk about—outer a white coffin lak ah has dat bath, an' den ah goes blissful to baid. An' when mawnin' come, ah has mah breakfus brung to me in baid. An' dat sho' was spo'tin' life fo' a ribber rousta! An' I slep' awhile mo', an' I git up feelin' rested an' content, an' ah'm havin' mah dinner in de

dinin'-room quiet to mahself, when dere's a li'l' puckery yaller nigger to de nex' table, an' he says up to de ceilin' lak: 'How-come dese yer rough roustas f'om de ribber boats to be 'lowed in yer?' An' ah look over hees way, an' ah say, quiet an' mod'rate, 'Look yer, mahn, does yer call me a ribber rousta?' And he say, 'Is yo' a ribber rousta?' an' ah say, 'Yass, dat's what I is—a ribber rousta. But lemme tell yo' somet'ing, li'l' mahn—lemme tell yo' somet'ing, li'l' boy. I is a rousta, yass, but I's a mahn—a mahn, yo' hear me?—an' ah mak mah money doin' a mahn's wuhk. Why, yo' aig of a alligater f'm out de bayou mud, ah done took a bale o' cotton las' trip down ribber—yo' hear me? Ah say, "Whar dat bale, Cap'n Joe?" when he done bet a hund'ed dollar wid a buckra mahn f'm Memphis, an' ah tek mah cotton hook in mah lef' hand an' anodder cotton hook in mah right hand—for I's a two-cotton-hook rousta, I is—an' "Show me dat bale," ah say, an' ah hooks into de biggest bale dey ever done see in de Arkansaw Bend—six hund'ed pounds he weigh—an' ah tote heem on mah back up dat bouncy stage to de deck o' de *Creole Belle*. I does a mahn's wuhk,' I say, 'an' ah don' have to mak up no baids in no sleepin'-cyars like chambermaid, an' ah don' have to be runnin' 'round a dinin'-room wid no fried

aigs on no platter to mek mah livin'. No, *suh*, ah does a mahn's wuhk, li'l' mahn——'

"'Doggone, but some folks has a heap to say for deirselves,' he say.

"'Does dey?' ah says. 'Den ah'll say no mo' fo' mahself,' an' ah picks heem up wid de fo'finger an' one thumb to hee naik, an' ah picks up anodder li'l' mahn who's wid heem atween de odder thumb an' de odder fo'finger, an' I hustles 'em across de dinin'-room flo' an' drops 'em bot' down a place where dey is no stairs. An' dere's mebbe fo' or fi' mo' has a min' to say a word. An' dey does, an' ah bust deir haids togedder, an' den de polees poke deir haids in, an' nex' mawnin' in co't de jedge tek what ah done have lef' o' dat roll o' money fo' to pay mah fine. An' ah dat 'shamed ah nebber has nobody fo' to write yo' all, Dinah gal."

Diana sighed. "I knows yo' is a pow'ful fightin' mahn, Buzzard, but yo' mussen' 'low yo' tempah run 'way wid yo' dataway."

"Tempah, Diana? Why, I's de mos' peace'ble mahn!"

"Huh!"

"O' co'se, when some o' dem low black 'n' yaller niggers begins fo' to crowd me, Dinah, why——"

"Yo' done tol' me dat. When is yo' gwine to

give up yo' crap-shootin' an' yo' fightin' ways? Dat's what yo' ain't tol' me, Buzzard."

"Dinah, ef yo' don' git off at no Layton's Landin'—ef yo' all keeps on down ribber to N'Awleans wid me, den ah quits afightin' an' agamblin' right yer. An' yo' say de word, gal, an'——"

Three long whistles sounded from above us.

"Listen to it, gal! Dog-gone! A mahn's mekkin' ready to enjoy hisself, an' one o' dese yer landin's has to come along! Dis sho' am a wear'some world!"

From the forward end of the cabin-deck I could see a light swinging across the night. A bell rang below, our paddles ceased turning, our search-light was switched on; stumps, snags, overhanging trees flashed into relief. We rolled up little waves as we neared the shore; chunks of earth dropped into the yellow eddies under the bank.

There was a dying fire on the bank; and beside the fire a man with a lantern; a moment later the search-light lit some baled cotton, and beyond the fire a great pile of cottonseed in sacks.

Under a cluster of incandescent lights hanging from the jack-staff, Captain Joe now took his stand. Both hands were in his waistcoat pockets

and his feet wide apart; and from under his felt-hat brim only his flowing mustache, a half-chewed cigar and his broad jaw could be seen distinctly.

"Out, you roustas—out, you niggers!" barked Joe. "Take hold that after-stage guy and stand by the capstan! Stand by, I say—by the falls—by the *falls*—by the FALLS, I said! An' blast yer black hides to everlastin' perdition, come arunnin'!"

From shadowy corners of the deck they came "arunnin'" and began to lower the stage to the bank.

Stuart leaned over the cabin-rail and hailed: "How many, Jeff?"

The man on the bank held a slip of paper up to the light of his lantern. "Two hund'ed an' fo'ty bales o' cotton 'n' 'bout eight thousand sacks o' seed, Mister Charlie."

"Eight t'ousand sacks!" came a wail from up under the cabin-rail. "Dog-gone, dat'll sho' be tell sunrise!"

"You, Buzzard, you, get tuh hell out yer an' work!" barked Captain Joe.

"Law-w-dee!" groaned Buzzard. "Dat Cap'n Joe, he got a eye like a owl for seein' a nigger in de black dark. Dinah, don' yo' move, gal, f'om whar ah c'n see yo' while ah'm wuhkin'." As he went bounding down the stage he threw up both

hands. "Mah soul, niggers, look at dem piles o' seed an' den tell me, somebuddy, why all was we all ebber abawned!"

Buzzard loped onto the bank and across the clearing, where two darkies, standing by the pile of cottonseed, tossed the first sack onto his shoulders. That first sack weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, but Buzzard loped easily across the clearing and up the stage and to the after end of the boat's deck with it.

It may have been easy to Buzzard, but it was heavy toil to most of them. They shuffled after Buzzard across the clearing and up onto the sixty-foot stage that bridged the bank and the steamer's front deck. They loped close to the ground till they made the stage, when, their weight and the weight of the sack hitting the long stage together, the stage began to spring and to swing. Up and down and sideways it went, swinging and springing; the loaded men went swinging and springing with it.

We watched it from the cabin-deck for perhaps an hour. "Pack-mule work," said Layton with a shudder.

"Pack-mule work?" echoed Stuart. "No. Any self-respecting mule would take one good look at that heap o' sacks, and then he'd roll over, lie down, and die. Wouldn't he, Joe?"

Joe had left the jack-staff and was standing on a tier of seed sacks, with his head all but on a level with the cabin-deck. He looked up at Stuart. "Charlie, you know the company pays 'em three dollars—some of 'em, like Buzzard there, three-fifty—a day and their grub; an' ev'ry minute this steamer lies here, pay 'n' grub 'n' other expenses are goin' right on, but freight don't. I have to drive 'em. Lemme stop drivin' 'em for just one lone minute, an' the next minute you'd see 'em all settin' around like strawberries on ice, afannin' theirselves."

Another hour went by, and around and around they were still coming. Across the clearing, up onto the bounding stage, and always at the same stiff-legged lope. Across the firm footing of the clearing, and then the length of the springy stage, from which they dropped suddenly, for the length of the deck, into the soft footing of the sacks already piled up.

The man on the bank was keeping tally. "One thousand," "Two thousand," "Three thousand," we heard him call out. Tough roustas they were, but beginning to show signs of distress. One staggered after dumping his sack, leaned up against a stanchion, and, taking a red handkerchief from around his neck, wiped the globes of sweat away.

"Well, nigger!" barked Joe.

"Cap'n Joe, I mus' stop fo' a drink—I sho' mus'."

"Order yo' drink, then. An' don't be all night about it."

He turned to the bar-boy, who was standing in readiness. "Hi, boy, gemme a drink o' liquor! Hear me, boy—a drink!" He is a picked river hand, his time valuable, and he knows it. Exhausted as he is, there is arrogance, contempt in his voice for the underling of a bar-boy. "Nex' time 'round, min', boy!"

And next time around, after he had dumped his sack, there was the bar-boy waiting for him with a glass of whiskey filled to the brim. And he grabbed it, snapped his head back, gulped it, tossed the glass back to the boy, and, almost without stopping, was on his way loping down the stage.

Across the clearing, up the stage, along the deck and back again; across and up and along, and back again; and always with that shuffle-footed lope. Round and round, sagging at knees and haunches they kept it going. One stopped for a drink of water, but was too long over it. Joe eyed him, allowed him perhaps ten seconds of grace, and then w-r-rup—"Well, nigger, goin' to drink the river dry?" brought him back jumping to his work.

Round and round they go. Another dumps his sack and leans against a stanchion. He looks as if he would fall if he hadn't. "Dis yer's what I call a mis-er-ee!" he says softly. "Yes, suh, dis sho' what yo' might call a mis-er-ee. Gemme a drink, boy—quick!"

The orders for whiskey became more frequent. One time around they would order; next time around grab it—the thin glass filled till it ran over—and g-l-l-p—down their throats as straight and quick as ever they could throw it into the river. One gulp, one sweet, sad smack of the lips, and they are back to that everlasting shuffle.

And, shuffling, they keep up a running wordless chant, not much more than a vibration of the lips. Now and again one breaks into articulate words:

> "Oh, tek me bahk whar yo' tuk me f'om—
> O my niggers, roll dem bales!
> Ah b'longs 'way up in Ar-kan-saw—
> Bully niggers, stow dem bales!"

The air of it, floating across the dying fire on the bank, up the staging, down the deck and out onto the water of the great river—it was immeasurably melancholy.

"There is something in that," said Layton suddenly, "which grips me here." He put his hand on his heart. "It's like an echo, too, in my ears, as though I'd heard it somewhere before."

"Poor humans," said Stuart, "they're surely not having the best of life."

"Humans!" spluttered Joe—his head was rising nearer to us at the cabin-rail with the increasing height of the sacks of seed. "They're niggers, jest niggers, and you, Charlie—your father owned hundreds of 'em—you ought to know."

"Some of them are half white," said Layton, leaning over the rail to see them better.

"Half white!" The curl in Joe's voice straightened Layton up again. "There's no half white—a man's a nigger or he's a white man. And one drop o' black blood in a man makes him black. Leastways, that's how we reckon it down this country. O' co'se, up North there's some of 'em passes for white. But not down here."

I could feel Layton shrinking from Joe's voice.

"Joe," said Stuart, "there's Buzzard stealing time on you."

Buzzard had just dumped his sack, and, noting Captain Joe's absorption, had stopped to look around. "Dinah!" he called softly. "Dinah! whar is yo', Dinah?"

"You black——"

"Mah Lawd, yes, suh! Comin', Cap'n Joe—ah's acomin'! Dog-gone!" Buzzard's legs and arms were convoluting like a galvanized wire as he hopped back to the stage.

"There's no half white—a man's a nigger or he's a white man."

A dozen cackled at his discomfiture. "Don' yo' all know better dan try dat on Cap'n Joe? Hah, Buzzard, don' yo'?"

The next time around Buzzard had a sight of his Dinah. She had come out from the deck shadows and perched herself up where he could see her; whereat he smiled widely, "Dere yo' is, hah, gal!" and tossed his heavy sack lightly from him and began:

> "De *Creole Belle* am ahaided down-stream—
> Hustle dem sacks, hustle dem, boy!
> But dis yer wuhk ain't what I dream—
> Hustle dem sacks, boy, hustle dem sacks!"

So Buzzard chanted, and went loping down the stage; and a score of others droned it with him, and went loping down the stage and across the clearing after him.

"Seven thousand," I heard the tally clerk call, and came out of my nap.

The roustas were still shuffling and droning and sagging under their loads; and Stuart was still sitting there, chair tilted and feet on rail, looking down on them; Captain Joe was forward under his cluster of electric lights, driving his roustas.

" 'Bout this time o' night—just before dawn," explained Stuart, "it's right hard to keep some of 'em awake."

By and by Joe crossed the front deck and came up to the cabin-rail. He peered past us, plainly with something on his mind.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Layton?" said Stuart. "I told him he'd better go to bed, so's to be up early and not miss any daylight along the river."

"Huh! Y'ought to let him stayed awhile." Joe looked at Stuart as if expecting a retort. Stuart said nothing.

"I've taken a couple o' good looks at him to-night, Charlie, an' it's sure plain enough to me. I've an idee for somethin' in the mornin'—for him—him tryin' to pass for somethin' he ain't!"

"Joe," said Stuart slowly, "you surely don't admire that work—telling a man anything like that?"

"I won't have to tell him, Charlie. We'll be here till daylight. Then all I'll have to do will be to take him out on the bank, when there's no brush in the way, an' say: 'This yer's Layton's Landin', an' that big house yo' see beyond that double row o' cypresses yonder—that's the picture on yo' post-card where yo' father said he was bawn.'"

"And then what, Joe?"

"And then, Charlie, he'd go up an' begin to look around an' talk, an' in about five minutes

Buzzard's old grandmammy, who's takin' care o' that house—her that's black as coal an' half-sister to this man's grandmammy that run away Nawth—she'd soon tell him who he was. Him an' Buzzard's half-cousins, Charlie—an' look at Buzzard there an' what do yo' see?"

"Why, what do I see, Joe, but a poor, hard-workin' human who is strong as a horse and doin' the work of a horse for what wages he gets. And nothing ahead of him in life but just that—a river rousta."

"It's all he's good for. And what better could he ever hope fo'? An' what in hell, Charlie Stuart, does anybody want to come winchin' in where they ain't wanted? You an' me, we wouldn't go in where people didn't want us to, would we?"

"I don't know. Suppose, Joe, we were born to believe that there were people better than ourselves on this earth, and we wanted to put—not ourselves, but our children after us—in among 'em, so's the best would be theirs, Joe?"

"Charlie Stuart, I'm not agoin' to listen to yo'! I'll tell this man in the mawnin'."

Stuart sat up. "Joe, hold up for one minute. I've been sittin' here to-night lookin' down on your roustas doin' the work of dumb animals."

"Somebody's got to do it, Charlie."

"That's right, Joe. But as it happens, they're doing it, not you and I—and through no great virtue of you and me. Somebody happened to forelay for us, Joe. And sitting here to-night, Joe, and looking down on those beasts of burden, and thinking of that man from the North inside there in his room, I couldn't help thinking of that yellow girl who was half white, and the many nights she must have sat nursing her little baby that was three-quarters white, Joe, and nursing that baby and watching roustas just like these slaving like pack-mules—and how she must have said to herself at last that her little baby, nor his after him, wasn't agoin' to slave like that. The instinct for stevedoring which later made her baby—this man's father—rich along the Great Lake ports, was possibly what he soaked in with his mammy's milk, while maybe his mother sat out on that very landing there and watched some first-class river mate like you, Joe, load a steamboat. But can't you see her, Joe, thinking things over and over till she couldn't stand it any longer, and one night jumping out and flying to the far, strange, cold country? And her fighting her way in that far, strange, cold country? She was only a little slip of a girl, mind, and not many things she could do. She sure must have spent many a hungry day and many a freezing night, and the

little boy, this man's father, with her. It must have been so, for hard as she must 've worked, she wasn't able to give her boy an education. But she put the spirit to struggle into him, and he struggled till he was well-to-do; and when he was well-to-do, there was no putting herself and her comfort in the way of his going ahead. Do yo' remember him, Joe, speaking of her as a little, old, dark woman who never went out? And why didn't she go out, Joe? You and I, Joe—and so would anybody who ever lived in the South—we know why she didn't go out."

"Charlie Stuart, my own daddy, owned slaves, an' yo' granddaddy owned a thousand slaves in his day, an' yo' talk thisaway!"

"Joe, I sometimes wish 'twas some other man's granddaddy owned 'em. It spoiled them and it spoiled me for real work."

"But you're not agoin' to let this man, Charlie, go back and live among white people without tellin' him what he is?"

"I reckon the race will be able to stand it, Joe. They've stood for more than that," smiled Stuart. "Joe, we can't go on fashioning people to our own image and then say, 'You're none o' mine—go 'way!' He's one of ours, Joe, if he wants to claim it."

"Claim it! Tell him an' he won't claim it!"

"His father and his father's mother claimed it for him, Joe. And after what they went through for him, it would be a crime, Joe, to tell him. And I'm not goin' to do it; nor you, either, Joe. Let the poor fellow make what he can of life. He can't make much of it—'tisn't in him, Joe. His grandmammy and his father lived in the shadows, Joe, and now he blinks in the sun. He's got the weaknesses of the Laytons, Joe, who had more good living than was good for 'em—without any of the big, strong body of Buzzard's there. To strike him down—it would be like striking a child, Joe."

Joe beat the cabin-rail. "I oughtn't never told yuh. I had a feelin' you'd bluff me out. You oughtn't be buyin' cotton, Charlie Stuart—you ought to be in politics or somethin' else, separatin' people from their votes or their honest beliefs. Good Lord, you c'n pull arguments down out o' the air fo' yuhself!"

He jumped down to the lower deck, waving his arms in disgust; and "you splay-footed, gangling'-legged, slab-sided, double-jointed—" was the next thing we heard. "I'm back on a job I know somethin' about!" he called up to Stuart. "Come an' run me out o' this, too, will yuh! An' you, boy—blast you, hurry an' bring me a cup o' coffee!"

His coffee came, and with it the sun.

Joe drank his coffee, and Stuart passed him a cigar. Joe lit it—before this he had been chewing his cigars—and began to smoke. After a few puffs he took the cigar and sniffed it. "Dog-gone, Charlie, but this sho' is a good seegar!" He stuck it back into his mouth; and then: "Let him do what he damn pleases, Charlie! He bought a cabin passage to New Aw-leans, an' maybe it ain't any o' my funeral, anyway!"

A few minutes later the last of the seed was stowed, the stage hauled in, the boat backed off, and once more the *Creole Belle* was pointing downstream.

And it was full morning—a cool, crisp morning, with the sun above the levee on the Mississippi bank, and a little breeze putting life into the yellow, rolling waters. Not too much breeze; just enough to make it airy and comfortable up on deck, and to cause the sweated, exhausted roustas lying around on the cottonseed to open their mouths and breathe in great gobs of it thankfully.

Stuart went inside the cabin. Soon I could hear him knocking on some one's door; and presently calling out: "Full daylight, sir. Time to get up—unless you all want to miss things along the bank."

Soon Layton came out on deck, with his post-card picture in his hand. But we were too far down-stream then for him to make out the double row of cypress-trees and the house on the knoll beyond.

For three days and three nights the *Creole Belle* had been coming down-stream; and now, loaded to the guards, she was nearing New Orleans.

In that three days and nights she had made one hundred landings; and now her roustas, snatching what sleep they could between landings, should have been pretty tired; and most of them were, but not so tired that they did not come bounding up to the cabin-deck when Captain Joe passed the word to line up and be paid off.

Ten, fifteen, twenty were paid off, Captain Joe identifying each rousta as he stepped to the pay window.

"Cyrus Larmie!" called Joe.

"Cyrus Larmie," repeated the clerk. "Six days at three-fifty—twenty-one dollars, less a bar bill of eight sixty-five—twelve thirty-five," read the clerk.

"Check," said Joe.

Cyrus took his money, and peered through the grille. "Cap'n Joe," said Cyrus, "ah gives yo'

notice I's done wid roustaboutin' cn dis long ribber."

"That so? What you goin' to do now, Cyrus?"

"Ah's gwine tak dis yer money, Cap'n Joe, an' when ah done rest mahself lak a gen'man, ah's gwine find a easy job somewhere in New Awleans."

"All right. Move on."

Cyrus, jingling his silver, skipped down to the freight-deck bar, laid down a loose dime and had a quick drink of whiskey; then he hopped over to where in the one clear space on the freight-deck three crap-boards had been set up.

A bunch of howling, yelling, husky roustas were there before him. Cyrus was a husky one, too; but even after he had butted his way to a place, there wasn't much room for action; which annoyed Cyrus.

"Mahn, mahn!" he bellowed, driving his elbows into the ribs of those either side of him. "Mahn, gib a mahn a chance to see how he lose hees money. How much am it? Two dollars a roll? O' co'se I's in for two dollars."

He laid down two silver dollars; and two more silver dollars, and—however, six times Cyrus saw the dice roll at two dollars a roll—and six times only.

He backed wearily away from that board.

But—he had twenty-five cents left. At the second board he was allowed to roll for twenty-five cents. One roll there and he was done.

"Dog-gone!" said Cyrus, and rubbed his kinky hair; and after a period of rumination came slowly back to the cabin stairs, went up to the grille, peeked through, and when Captain Joe had done paying off, said: "Cap'n Joe, please Cap'n Joe, ah'd lak to wuhk one mo' trip up ribber wid yo', Cap'n Joe."

Captain Joe eyed him sardonically. "What was it yo' said 'bout ten minutes ago?"

"What ah say, Cap'n Joe? Don' yo' know, Cap'n Joe? I ain't never gwine quit yo' an' de *Creole Belle*. Don' yo', Cap'n Joe?"

Joe laughed. "Yo'll never change, Cy.

"Here!" He passed him a ticket through the grille.

"T'ank yo', Cap'n Joe. Yo' sho' is one gen'-man."

Cy did not look at Stuart, but he did say in a melancholy voice in passing: "Not eeny, weeny cent lef' fo' one li'l' drink out o' all mah money!"

Stuart threw him a silver dollar; by this time we were into New Orleans and tied up to the levee. "Whoop-ee!" said Cyrus, and skipped below, left the steamboat, mounted the levee, and loped straight across the street to a saloon.

"There's the river rousta," said Joe. "No mo' sense than a mule."

"If he had sense," said Stuart, "do y' reckon, Joe, you'd be driving sixty of them so easy like?"

A couple of carriages were on the levee waiting for possible passengers; soon the mess-boy brought out Layton's baggage and stowed it into one of the carriages.

Layton, following his baggage, stepped over to where we were. Joe saw him, but he continued being intensely interested in the actions of the levee roustas who were hustling the freight ashore. Layton did not disturb him. He shook hands with Stuart, then with me, and turned to Stuart for a parting word.

"Mr. Stuart, from all that my father had told me I came gradually to picture his idea of a Southern gentleman, and when I saw you, it was as if he were speaking to me again. But there is something in this life which leaves me sad. And now I am thinking here that there was something more in my father's warning not to look up his old home than he could put into words. I am going to take a train straight home, and never come back."

It was while looking after Layton's carriage driving off that we took notice of the girl Diana.

She was sitting with her carpetbag on a sack of cottonseed up on the levee. She had been sitting rather limply, but we saw her all at once straighten up, pat her hair, feel to see if her brass earrings were in place, glance down at herself to see if otherwise she was presentable.

It was the superb figure of Buzzard which emerged from our freight-deck; and he was wearing all the wonderful clothes he had bought Christmas week—big soft hat, green shirt, checked trousers, ochre-colored vest, bright-red tie, socks, patent-leather shoes; in one hand he was swinging a suitcase, in the other hand was a cane, and over that arm the new cream-colored coat.

"Dog-gone, but look at Buzzard! Mah soul, but will yo' look at de style o' dat nigger! Has yo' de money to go wid dem clo'se, Buzzard?"

"Has I?" He let his teeth shine to their full. "Yes, I has de money to go wid dem clo'se. See yer, nigger"—he had set down the suitcase and pulled a handful of money from a trousers pocket —"see yer—nineteen dollars jess come to me!"

"Is yo' gwine buy a few rolls o' de bones, Buzzard?"

He hesitated. He looked over to the crapboard. "M-m——"

"Buzzard!" came a strong soprano voice from the bank.

Buzzard turned away from the crap-board; a chorus of guffaws went out from the roustas; and remarks went with the guffaws.

Buzzard's foot was on the stage; he paused and looked back; and there was one man whose looks he didn't like—a big yellow one. Buzzard looked toward him, smiled; and he said: "Sim Chadwick, ah's done promised I ain't gwine to fight no mo'—ah done gib mah wuhd to mah promised wife, an' I ain't gwine to fight an' roll dem bones no mo'. Ah wants to be a peace'ble mahn, but lemme tell yo' somet'ing"—he laid down his suitcase, laid his coat on that, and his cane—carefully—on the coat; and he ran his fingers between his white starched collar and his neck, and he took one step forward on his toes, and one more step on his toes, and he smiled gently on Sim Chadwick. "Ef yo' had any idee, Sim Chadwick, dat I kan't beat yo' up lak ah done once befo', den ah want to say right yer now——"

"Ah don' want no truck wid yo', Buzzard," came hurriedly from Sim.

"Oh, yo' doesn't! Den is dere any odder——"

"Buzzard!" came the voice from the bank again. "Buzzard, is we gwine to be mar'd dis evenin' or is we?"

"Is we?" Buzzard grabbed up his cane, his coat, his suitcase, and bounded over the stage to

the levee. "Jes' havin' a li'l' fun wid dem niggers. Yo' know, honey, ah wouldn't——"

He led the way to a waiting carriage and was for bargaining for a passage, but she drew him away; and up onto the street they walked, he with an ear bent heedfully down to hear a lot of very earnest talk.

Joe turned to Stuart. "Some of 'em has sense, Charlie. And the mo' I think o' that little yaller grandmammy, the mo' I can't help thinkin' she was a great little one."

"To my mind," said Stuart, "that one going up the levee with Buzzard is a greater one. Diana could 'a' gone either way—white or black—and there is what she picked."

"Huh! Probably don't know any better," grunted Joe.

"That not knowing any better is sometimes a knowing so deep down in 'em that they can't bring it up in a hurry for explanation purposes. Her children, and Buzzard's, won't be born of any ruling race, Joe, but they'll be able to look the sun in the eye."

"Who the devil," exploded Joe, "wants to ruin his sight lookin' the sun in the eye!"

"Some of us," retorted Stuart, "sometimes stay too long in one spot. What d'y' say if we all go ashore and forget the river for a while?"

He with an ear bent heedfully down to hear a lot of very earnest talk.

COLORS!

Colors!

"BESIDE the reefs Los Cocos lay," chanted Garrie, and squinted up his eyes to have another look at Los Cocos over the rail.

"A fair isle within a tropic sea," he continued slowly, "and—but that's punk, isn't it, Kill? My head must be full of something else. Anyway, I went straight from the boat-landing and through the jungle by way of that path you told me to look for, Kill. I was wondering if I'd taken the wrong way, when——"

"—When?" prompted Killorin.

"I stepped plum into it—a picture of waving palms against a flashing beach, of little waves ruffling under a soft wind, of not a cloud in the bluest sky above red-tiled roofs, and the red roofs themselves sticking up above the waving palms like patches of bright paint. And out from the shore a low surf was washing over reefs that were white as a mouthful of dog's teeth.

"And I looked out on our forty gray-painted gun-mounted ships, every one with her ensign showing astern, and I guess I put 'em through more manœuvres and wars than they could attend

to in a thousand years working night and day. And I came out of my dream feeling sorry for myself—to think I'd be dead and laid away before the tenth of what I'd marked out for them to do could ever come to pass."

"And what of the sea-bath place you started to tell me of?"

"In big white letters on a bright blue wall I spotted it—the sign: B-A-N-O-S. Ban-yose they pronounce it. You take a full breath, Kill, and then—Ban-yose! You explode it as if you were saying something you were proud of. An old chap behind the banyose wicket tells me it is cinquenta centavos for the habiliments for the bath and one entire peso for a dressing-room. 'Oon peso cinquenta—bueno, bueno,' I said, waving my hand like I was a Spanish student and a millionaire together, and paid him and was passed in.

"It was a long pool fenced in by slats from the outside water, and a veranda over the farther end overlooked the breakwater basin outside. It looked like a great loafing-place, the veranda, Kill, for men and women looking like they didn't have to worry about working for a living. What weren't loafing and looking at the swimmers in the pool were having cool drinks for themselves at little tables. There was so much rubbering and so little swimming inside, that when I took

my dive off the end of the spring-board I kept straight under the veranda and through a water-gate to the breakwater basin.

"There was a trading schooner to anchor out there, and it was fine diving from her masthead, Kill—a straight out-lunge to clear her side, and then a sharp turn and straight down into forty feet of great water. And I had it all to myself, I thought, till, after fifteen minutes or so, I heard a holler for help, and there was a woman gasping and choking and going down.

"Ten strokes and I was to her. And I took her in tow, expecting a little fuss. But not a bit. She was cool—well, if I'd been drowning and no more excited than she was, I'd feel like talking about it afterward. I was making good headway with her toward the bath-house, when she said, cool and calm: 'The beach is nearer, don't you think?'

"I didn't think the beach was nearer, but to tell a woman she's wrong the first time you meet her—who is going to do that? Besides, it was only a little extra work; so I towed her to the beach. And we stood there, the two of us.

"'You saved my life,' she said, and said I must come and be her guest—at her hotel in Santa Cruz on the mainland for dinner; and of course I had to tell her I couldn't. And then she said;

'Then let us have an ice on the bath-house veranda,' and I told her why that wouldn't do—I was only an enlisted man in the navy, and it was a sort of unwritten law among us enlisted men not to eat with ladies where officers and their ladies dine.

"At that she looked over at the Johnnies peeking through the slats at us, and snapped her fingers, and said: 'That for their laws! You saved my life and I want to show you my appreciation.'

"It was no use trying to tell her it was a joke to speak of my having saved her life, that she floated as high and light as a can-buoy—she stuck to it that I had. 'You saved my life,' she said for the fourth or fifth time, 'and you must come and be my guest at the hotel in the city for dinner.'

"And of course I had to tell her I'd like to but couldn't—that I had to be back aboard ship from liberty at five o'clock—we'd all passed our word before our division officer would put us on the liberty list. And she said then: 'After you've lived up to your word by going back to your ship —after that what?'

"I hadn't thought of that, Kill, but right away I began to think of it, and by and by I said I could see my way clear to get ashore and by ten o'clock be at the big hotel in Santa Cruz on the mainland."

"And who will be giving you special liberty to go ashore to-night, Garrie?" asked Killorin.

"I'm going without."

"You are?" Killorin's lower lip projected speculatively as he looked anew at Garrie. "Well. I suppose you are," he said finally. "It's wonderful to be young, Garrie, and know no more of evil than a four-weeks old carrier-pigeon."

"I'm nineteen," protested Garrie. "And I got word to Tony, the American spig who keeps the cantina at the head of the landing-pier."

"And what was the lady's name?"

"Carmen Whiffle—Miss Carmen Whiffle."

"Carmen Whiffle—" It was a bugle-call that interrupted.

"Supper," yelled Garrie, and joined the rush down the ladder.

Standing full height and inhaling great breaths atop of the after-turret was where Killorin found Garrie after supper.

"Look, Kill—the file of musicians below there, and the two men standing by the ensign halyards for Colors!" cried Garrie, "and on the quarter-deck of every other of the forty American ships to moorings here are files of other musicians just so drawn up, and other pairs of bluejackets standing just so by the halyards, aren't there?"

"If they're not," responded Killorin, "some watch-officer will be due to ketch hell."

Below them, on the quarter-deck, their own officer of the deck was having an eye to the flag-ship, and the leader of the band an eye to the officer of the deck. When the officer caught it—the signal whipping from the flag-ship—he turned on his heel, and "Sound—Colors!" he ordered smartly.

With the bursting out of the national hymn the ensign began to fall away from the jack-staff. Without turning head or eyes, Garrett knew that on every other war-ship of the forty there to moorings a band was also martially playing, an ensign slowly lowering, and officers and men standing stiff as stanchions to attention. With the last note of the band, the last gathered fold of the ensign, officers and men saluted and relaxed.

For a space Garrett was silent; and then: "Do y' s'pose, Kill, we'll ever get so we won't feel the little waves running all over us at Colors?"

"If we do, Garrie, some undertaker ought to be out in the brig for it, for if we're not dead an' buried, we ought to be."

"Look now!" cried Garrie. "Look, Kill, at that quarter-circle of a harbor front, with the red-brown beach to the south, and that clump of

lone-looking palms just showing above the tops of the walls of the old bastile of a fort to the north! And those blinding blue and white and pink walls of the daytime city—they're fading into the dark! And look—above the city that crescent of a young moon in the low sky, and between the moon and the city walls that one star like a shining jewel pinned on to a black cloth. Look at it!"

"Fine—'tis wonderful. It reminds me of a Turkish cigarette ad."

"Oh, Kill, Kill!"

Killorin patted him on the shoulder. "You're all right, Garrie. Stick to your own way of looking at things. 'Twill make people more happy in the end. But there's a fleet call gone. 'Twill be night drill soon. And—you're still going to try it?"

"I'm going to try it, Kill."

"And Miss Carmen Whiffle that swam so poorly she nearly got drowned—what did she look like?"

"Oh, Kill, she was beautiful! She was of dark complexion, tanned all over as even and smooth as a man, with big teeth shining out so white from the tan. And she had sort of agate-colored eyes with lights in 'em."

"And a good shaper, of course?"

"A figure, Kill—I was ashamed I was noticing

her so much. And she had hair all bronze, and while she was talking it came down from under her silk cap and drifted down to her waist. She was the most beautiful——"

"I believe you. And if you're still bound to go——"

"I said I'd be there, Kill."

"Well," sighed Killorin, "if you will, you will, o' course. But remember to keep a bright eye out and dive deep. It'd be like some young genius of a gun-pointer to spot your head floating along and 'Ha! ha!' he'll cry—'a new kind of patent target,' and for the glory of the navy cut loose at you. And, Garrie——"

"Yes?"

"If these revolutionists break into Santa Cruz to-night, it's a sure thing we'll land, and—you absent without leave—why, you know, Garrie——"

"If it comes to that to-night, Kill, don't you worry—they won't have to be sending any file of marines to dig me out."

A ship's bugler came running out then from the superstructure and sounded General Quarters, whereat, "Keep an ear open for any bugle-call to-night, Garrie," said Killorin, and, pressing his arm, dropped from the turret to deck and was gone.

As Garret dropped also from the turret, he

heard from the other end of the ship the call to quarters repeated; and saw, with the echo of that call, every topside-light in the ship go out.

Moving rapidly in the dark, he descended a ladder to the gun-deck. By the dim light of battle-lanterns hanging at intervals to bulkheads, he hurried through the passageways. All along the way he bumped into officers and other men hurrying to their stations.

His station was in the forward casemate, starboard side. Arriving there, he peered out from the gun-port. Not a sign of a ship anywhere; all black darkness in the harbor it was. Every ship there was going through the same drill as his own; and on his own he knew that officers and men were by now on the bridge, in the tops, in the turrets, in engine-rooms, boiler-rooms, dynamo-rooms—in every remote compartment they were at their stations. It was as if they were going into actual night battle; at his gun-port, at every gun-port on his ship, at every gun-port of every ship in the harbor, as well as at every station topside and between decks, officers and men were peering out for what they could see on the black waters. His nerves were as taut as if it were to be actual battle; and the others about him he knew, by their tense whispers and forced breathing, all felt as he did.

For two, three, four minutes there was a black silence, and then: "There she is, sir!" said a voice.

Instantly the whole gun crew saw it—a tiny white light on the black water. A low murmur rose from the passageway; a score of voices burst out: "I see her!"

"Silence!" warned an officer's voice. "Train!" he ordered.

The barrel of the gun began to swing. It was too dark for Garrie to see beyond the long barrel, but he knew that on every ship in the harbor every deck and turret gun that could be brought to bear was following that moving light in just that way; he could feel where he could not see —every gun-pointer and gun-trainer, all gun crews snuggling closer to their work.

It was his time. He slipped from his casemate and through the bulkhead to where a ladder led down the ship's side to the water-line.

Here he stripped himself of everything except his neckerchief; that, with some gold pieces knotted into it, he hung around his neck, and, descending the ladder, reached an arm low and dropped into the water the bundle of clothes.

Standing there in the black lonesomeness, knowing that every man in the ship but him-

self was at his battle station, thrilled Garrett. He now almost wished to turn back. But he had said he would be there. He balanced for a moment, had a look to relocate the lights of the harbor front, and scooped swiftly off from the ladder.

He went away with a long, easy side-stroke, which would compel him to show no more than half his head and one side of his face above water. For perhaps five minutes, or ten, he neither heard nor saw anything; then came a stealthy sh-sh—sh-sh—of something stealing through the water. A ship's steamer that would be, and when his head bumped into her side in the dark, he paid no more attention than to dive straight down, cut under her keel and come up well clear of the other side.

Presently there came another; and another; and then a line from the stern of another almost swept his head off his shoulders; following along that line, to see what would be on the end of it, he met with a little raft, and on the raft was a tiny target, at sight of which, "Subcaliber practise!" he muttered, and dived.

He came up—nothing had happened; and he was swimming easily, when he felt something drift into the back of his head. He rolled and found another little raft, with another little can-

vas target on it. He shoved off from it, lazily enough, until his weather-eye caught, first the flash and then the sweep of a widening beam of light travelling toward him. "Fare-thee-well, O Sweeping Search-light, fare-thee-well!" he chanted softly, and dived; and kicked—a convulsive kick—and again, and another, and continued to kick himself shoreward as hard and for as long as he could stand it under water.

He had to come up or burst. Before he struck the surface he could hear the hail of bullets—pip pip—pip-p-p—pip-p-p—and, reaching the surface, could see where they were tearing to shreds the canvas, and whitening the water all about it, of a little target not ten yards away.

Everywhere on the surface were the little targets after that; and everywhere the little white hills of water spurting and the pip pip—pip-p-p—pip-p-p of the little bullets all about him. But it was all good marksmanship—twenty yards away he felt safe from any of them; when one threatened to come closer, he dived deep.

The period of the little targets passed away; and ensued then an era of darkness, with a series of swift-moving, sharp things cutting through the water. Behind him one; from ahead one; to either side also. It was too dark to see, but it did not take him long to figure them out; de-

stroyers they would be, racing through the water with their engines slushed in oil.

No use to try to kick under them—drawing sixteen feet of water and at their speed. A man would scrape the length of one of their keels only to meet with a pair of screws to chew him up at the stern end. He heard the zipping of one headed for him, and, feeling that it was on him, almost lifted himself from the water to dodge it. The sheer of her bow caught and threw him half-numbed to one side; he kicked out, and, feeling his feet being swept from him against the rush of her sides, he kicked harder than ever, hoping also that no sharp eye on deck had seen him; and "Thank God!" he said, when he saw her shadow safely past him.

After that he rolled over to rest up. Lying so on his back, he could see any masthead lights that the ships might show. And as he looked, he saw the Ardois lights winking out from where the flag-ship would be. He knew the call as it flashed. Fleet search-light drill it would be. "I've dodged being killed—now I've got to dodge being seen," he thought; and with only his nose showing, drifted motionless along.

From every ship, as he lay so watching, shot the widening shafts of brilliant lights: battle-ships, cruisers, gunboats, destroyers, supply boats,

repair ships. From every craft controlling one came the dazzling alley of light; from some half a dozen. And wherever the shafts of light struck, the little seas turned green and blue or brilliant purple.

He saw the racing beams shoot to the clouds; and in their upward paths drifted little balls of smoke, which took on the most beautiful forms in their driftings. Where the beams were lowered from the clouds and for a moment rested above the sea's edge, the horizon paled to that same wonderful white flame which he had seen come so often with a silvery dawn; only this was not dawn. "Glory!" breathed Garrett, and for another while made no haste to get ashore.

Fresh signals winked; and as if to show how suddenly magical they could be in the fleet, there came lights from tops, lights from bridges, lights from high up on military masts, lights from semaphores, from signal mastheads; came anchor lights, admirals' lights, gangway lights, lights from deck to water's edge, to truck and back again; clusters of lights from ward-rooms, bright lights from air-ports: from wherever on forty ships of war a light might show, that light now flashed, and continued to flash until the boom of a gun seemed to act as a short circuit to the whole show. With the echo of that gun all was dark again.

"The torpedo attack now," he thought, and lay ready to move in whatever direction was best for him. He could almost feel them—the long, slim shadows swishing every way in the dark. And then the ships began to round them up; in wide sweeping circles of light, their arcs crossing and recrossing, the batteries of search-lights swept the green-white waters.

Wh-sh—they had caught one. Inside the reefs it was. And out to sea, beyond the reefs—wh-sh-h—another. Coming on at thirty knots from the region of the broaching reefs were two more. A half-dozen alleys of light converged, and on where they converged he knew that battery after battery of guns would be training. One, slowing down, flashed the signal of defeat; the other also; together the pair steamed off to wherever their anchorage was.

A bugle-call sounded from a ship; from another—from a dozen—from every ship—and he saw the drill lights switched off and regular anchor lights resumed. The drill was over. "And here are you loafing along the road!" said Garrett, and struck out freely for the long pier. Still a mile to shore, but what is a mile beneath a tropic sea and the mystery of a city and a beautiful beckoning lady in the night?

He passed the last ship outside the breakwater; he passed the enclosing breakwater itself with

the green and red lights marking the ends of it; he passed one craft after another to anchor within the breakwater; from the decks of some he could hear voices as he passed.

Almost in, with the landing pier looming up and no further need to worry, he rolled onto his back to consider matters; and considering, took note that the overhead stars of the early night were gone; and the moon gone with them; and the polar star that had been gleaming beyond the northern tower of the stone bastile—that was gone; and the twisted Southern Cross in another quarter—gone—all gone behind low-hanging clouds.

"The night lights of the fleet, the night lights of the heavens—all gone!" breathed Garrett. "And you, too, Garrie Dorsey, may be gone—rolled through a court-martial in the morning. But, dog-gone, it was a great show, a good swim, and I'm glad I'm here!" He whirled over and tore through that last two hundred yards to the pier with a racing stroke.

He rested on the lowest mossy step of the pier landing for his breath. The glow of a light, the whiff of tobacco came to him as he rested. Above the top step he could see the shadow of a man against the sky-line.

"Oh, Tony!" he hailed.

"Gotcha!" said a voice. The moving light of a tossed-away cigar arched brightly for an instant in the darkness; and then—ss-pss—drowned itself beside the steps. "Gotcha da clo'se—got ever't'ing."

It was a warm night, but under the portales of the Hotel Cortez not too uncomfortable; the forerunner of what might by and by turn out to be a real breeze was flowing in from the Gulf; and there was no lack of ice for whatever the guests might care to order.

So the guests under the portales sat and sipped and gossiped—of each other mostly; and no one there more gossiped about than Carmen Whiffle, which she very well knew and did not at all mind. Her late husband used to say: "So long's people 're talkin' about you, you c'n be sure you're not a dead one." So Carmen, who had never a mind to be a dead one, ignored the gossip and gazed reflectively at her escort, Willie Blendin.

Of much wealth, but no occupation except such as it pleased him to adopt—and up to this hour of his life it had not pleased him to adopt any—such was Willie Blendin, who had been camping on the lady's trail for three years, and would even have married her had she said the word; but she was not saying the word; and so

he also sat and sipped and, when not gazing hopelessly at her, hearkened to the band in the plaza, where also were fountains spurting, and residents young and old strolling, lounging, chatting under the lights of benches and walks.

"Where is our waiter with our liqueur?" demanded Carmen.

"He will come," answered Willie; and returned to his sombre reflections.

He reflected overlong. There were those there who would be more than pleased to think that she was being neglected. She stabbed a long silence with a sharp "Oh, say something, say something!"

"Of what, Miss Whiffle, shall I speak?" he asked patiently.

"Anything. Why aren't any American sailors and officers ashore to-night the same as other nights? Why—why?"

"I do not know," he said. "They do not confide these matters to me."

"They do not—" But at this moment the overwanted, perspiring waiter came bustling up with the liqueurs; and by his coming saved a feminine comment that might have given the tables under the portales something worth gossiping about.

The evening grew; and they sat and sipped

and smoked and—the crashing band of the plaza having departed—the lady began to sway her body to the flowing measures of the hotel orchestra. It was the period of the new dances, and the lady was in a better temper—her lips were curving to a smile. Willie indicated the rocking couples inside. She shook her head. "I do not care to dance—not yet."

She looked once more at her watch. "A quarter to ten," she murmured, and smiled. Poor Willie was wondering what she was thinking of that she smiled so enticingly.

She was thinking of a figure on the end of the diving-board at Los Cocos. Such a figure! In a niche at the turn of the wide staircase of the home of her late husband—divorced not dead, that easy-going man—was a high-priced statue. Named after some planet, or star, or ancient god it was. She couldn't remember the funny name, but what matter? He had wings on his heels; and slender, ivory-white and smooth—a figure of what grace in a man should be, that statue was. And so this boy; only no marble statue but a living youth with the glowing, white, velvety skin of high vitality.

Carmen came reluctantly out of her revery. Willie again indicated the rocking figures. "I said I did not want to dance, and you are get-

ting tiresome, Willie. Run along now and leave me. I may feel better toward you to-morrow."

Whereat Willie, who owned a leisurely but not wholly torpid mind, recalled a swimming sailor at Los Cocos, a note delivered by an Americanized native called Tony; and so, raising and lowering his shoulders, he settled the bill, gathered up cane and hat, smiled, uttered a discouraged "Good night," and melted from the scene.

The cathedral bell beyond the plaza was slowly tolling ten o'clock when she saw her sailor. Bounding across the plaza he came. All in white he was: white silk shirt, white flannels, white shoes—he took the street in three leaps.

"I was wondering if you would know me." His face was flushed and glowing, and his mop of blood-red hair damp and dishevelled.

"Know you? I'd know you if—" She did not finish; only smiled, and let him stand for a while that the curious from the other tables might look their fill. He was something to look at.

"And so you have come to claim your dance?"

"I've just swum from my ship to claim it."

"Swum? From out there beside the reefs—through all that dark, horrid harbor, and all those terrible sharks and things!"

"Sharks!" Garret laughed. "If any sharks

were cruising around that harbor to-night, Miss Whiffle, be sure they went four bells ahead for the wide waters of the gulf when that young target practise opened up."

"Sit down," commanded Carmen, "and tell me of it."

Garrie sat down and told her; and as he told her his boyish lips took on curves, his chin quivered, his eyes glowed and flashed to the color and flash of disturbed waters, of sweeping blue and purple search-lights, of a velvety sky above shining stars. And his voice recalled the singing winds, the rolling seas.

Carmen Whiffle had almost forgotten that such boys still lived on earth. She set her elbows on the table, her chin in her palms—only her eyes and the tip ends of her fingers against her cheek moved. Youth, youth, youth was his—youth that may never be bought; nor born again. Youth was his to overflowing; and for all his adventurous nature, he was innocent and fresh as a dewy summer's morn. A shaft of pity for him almost pierced her predatory soul.

"And then I walked to the other side of the plaza and waited till ten o'clock to come here," concluded Garrie.

"You'll surely have your dance after that!" cried Carmen. "And more than one. But tell me

more of yourself and your ship life," and dropped both hands to beside his own on the table.

He told her more, and telling her spoke much of Killorin.

"You admire Killorin?"

"More than admire—I like him. Who wouldn't? He'll look years ahead for me or anybody else he likes—and some he don't particularly like—but not ten minutes ahead for himself. You'd have to like him—a man who never lets on to know any more than anybody else, but never a question you put him that he can't answer—who can talk seven different kinds of English, and make lace-work of a target twelve thousand yards away. His prayer and hope is to be sitting some day in his bicycle-saddle with his eye glued to a periscope, laying his fourteen-inch shells aboard the enemy, and if he goes down while doing it—so the enemy's licked—he little cares."

"Oh, a bloodthirsty kind?"

"No, no—it is his—my trade. I could imagine him killing somebody—or a thousand somebodies—if he had to—so could I. But bloodthirsty—no, no. And I surely ought to like him—night and day he is thinking of how he'll make a man of me and never a thing can I do for him. Killorin—But——"

"What is it?"

"Something's wrong, Miss Whiffle. Listen—the music has stopped! And look—the dancers are leaving. And the waiters——"

"Morales! Morales!" she heard the waiters shouting then; the first note of a voice she had heard since he began to talk.

"Morales?" inquired Carmen. "Who is Morales?"

"The revolutionary leader. And listen—do you hear it, Miss Whiffle—that shuff, shuff, shuff?"

"I hear it now, yes. What is it?"

"It is the step of soft-shod marching men, and —you will pardon me?—I'm going to the roof to see what's doing."

"Let me go with you?"

"If you wish; but we must hurry."

She raced up the stairs to the roof with him; and beside him leaned over the parapet wall.

"There they are! See them, Miss Whiffle—hurrying this way? And look—they have more than rifles—there is a battery of field-guns."

"Yes," said Carmen, but looking at him and not the guns.

"Look at where they are posting those guns—look, Miss Whiffle! They will be able to sweep the plaza of whatever enters it from the har-

bor side. And look this side—the lights in the harbor!"

"War-ships' lights, are they? And was it from away out there you swam in to meet me to-night?"

"Not those. I mean the smaller lights, the low side-lights of launches. See them—the red and green lights rounding into the shore? And —we can't see them, but they are there, Miss Whiffle—boat after boat in tow of those steam-launches. It's the landing party—our fellows—bluejackets and marines. I can as good as hear them—piling with smothered whoops up onto the pier. And hear that bugle-call? Hear it?"

She had been clinging to one of his hands; she now seized the other. "And what are you going to do?"

"What am I— Hear that—that scuff-scuff of marching men? Our own those are—in good leather shoes."

"Yes, yes, but you don't have to march?"

"And that revolutionary outfit," breathed Garrie, "is likely to blow them off the face of the plaza before ever our fellows know they're there!"

"Yes, but if you don't go there, they can't hurt you!"

"No? But"—he was backing across the roof

toward the staircase—"I'm going, Miss Whiffle."

"And what of me?"

"You will be safe here. Good-by."

"But why—why?"

"Why? There is no why—I've got to go."

"But you can't get out of the plaza. With men at every corner, what good can you do?"

"I don't know what good, but I've got to go. I'm sorry I didn't get my dance. Good-by!"

"But you don't have to go—and one man more or less won't help—and you would only be killed!"

"Then I'll be killed. I should be killed. It's the call to the colors—they're marching to battle—my shipmates—and I'm not with them!"

Hers was the strength of the tigerish woman's type, and she thought she would be strong enough to hold him; but he reached back and gently as he could, but quickly, surely forced her gripped hands from about his waist. He set her hands to her side—paused a moment, lifted and kissed the wrists where he had bruised them, and was gone.

She leaned over the roof in time to see him bound out from the hotel to the open plaza. She saw him look around a moment; saw a squad of men in pajama suits and sandals wave him back.

She saw him leap to a marble pedestal on which stood a vase of flowers, hurl the vase to the ground and begin to wigwag his arms. She could hear plainly then the march of the American column, and above the rhythmic fall of their hard-shod feet and the roll of gun-carriage wheels lusty men singing.

She saw the squad of men in pajamas raise their rifles and fire, and Garrie cease to wigwag. One arm dropped; he looked down swiftly at it; and resumed wigwagging with the other.

And then she saw the brown men in pajama suits step out, and after careful aim volley him. She saw him raise his chin, twist a little to one side, twist back again, sag at the knees and tumble slowly sidewise. One arm was wigwagging even as he fell.

"My sailorboy—Oh, my sailorboy!" cried Carmen—"and I thought I was going to have you for my own!"

Up from the Santa Cruz water-front marched the landing party of the American fleet; and from sidewalks, barred windows, latticed balconies and illuminated cantinas, the residents of Santa Cruz viewed them with curiosity, fear, contempt, respect.

And all these the marching columns saluted

impartially, for they had nothing against the residents; and it was a fine night for a march, with a stretch of good asphalt under their feet and at their backs a cooling little breeze from the Gulf.

At the head of the column marched the battalion from Garrie's ship, and at the head of that battalion marched Killorin. Memories of Cuba, the Philippines, China, Hayti, San Domingo, and half a dozen Central American countries were moving Killorin; but after threescore battles and skirmishes the thought of one more little scrap is not overwhelming—Killorin was thinking of Garrie, and, thinking, became melancholy; and, fearing it, took to song. "I will raise my voice up to this tropic night," said Killorin to his nearest mates, and with no further preamble began:

"'I can hear the East a-callin','
Says a guy somewhere a-bawlin'—
Of a sunrise up-sea haulin'
An' a road beside a bay.
Let him have his East a-callin',
With his beggars caterwaulin'
An' their lousy rags a-crawlin'—
Give me good old U. S. A.!"

And then he stopped for reflection. "Scurrilous lines," he declared presently. "I will speak of scenes more pleasing." And so:

"I can hear Manhattan callin'—
In my ears I hear the fallin'
Of a million flappin' footsteps
Floppin' down the subway stairs.
An' the newsboys yellin' 'Piper!'
An' the baseball season riper
An' the Giants an' the Phillies—
An' the Phillies gettin' theirs!"

So Killorin—rifle, canteen, haversack, and pack on back, and striding like a tall hero before his mates:

"An' the fairies wi' their feathers,
An' the chappies wi' their leathers,
An' the coppers on the crossin's
Steerin' autos out the Park—
An' the bush-tailed squirrels feedin',
An' the fat blue pigeons reedin',
An' the nurse-girls wi' their babies
Hurryin' home afore it's dark!"

"Oh, you nurse-girls!" hailed the white-costumed youth, and raised beseeching eyes to screened verandas; but nothing from there to enchant them. However, the air of the song was a friendly one. They could at least scuff their feet to its rocking lilt:

"Turn me loose among the benches
Where the bucks an' yeller wenches,
Where the hoboes an' the kiddos
Like to take the mornin' sun!
Let me hear the trolleys clangin',
The Salvation bands a-bangin'—
Lead me to the lights o' Broadway
An' you'll see one son-of-a-gun!"

"You betcher, Kill!——"

"Lead me to the lights o' Broadway
An' you'll see one son-of-a-gun!"

roared the battalion lustily. They liked that Broadway idea; and rolled it out again and again, and were for having more of the same, but Killorin had suddenly gone silent. "Halt!" came the bugler's call; almost with the order and the action came the echo of rifle-shots from the plaza ahead of them.

And then came a volley of rifle-shots, and almost with it the order: "Column right!" And they columned right. Behind them they could hear "Column left!" Down and up side streets they marched, and presently understood why; before them was an inert column of men in pajama suits, and beyond was the closing-in column of their own fellows who had columned left.

"There will be no fight," said the young navy, knowing what was what. And presently their topside officer conferred with the revolutionary topside officer, and the sapient youths were right.

"Mr. Trench"—Killorin was saluting his battalion commander—"that boy who wigwagged was the man missing at roll-call before we shoved off. He's a boy I'm sort of keeping an eye out for. I'd like you to let me go and stand by him."

"So that's who he is? All right, go ahead. I'll hurry the surgeon along in case he is still alive."

Killorin raced to the plaza and found him.

"God love you, Garrie boy, but what have they done to you?" He set an arm under the boy's neck.

"I don't know, Kill," he grinned, but with a twist to the grin. "But they sure lobbed a few my way. I can feel 'em here and there like plums in me."

The ship's surgeon arrived then. "Good Lord —that boy not dead!" And after a closer look at him: "Why, this leg's broke! Something for a splint—quick!"

On the plaza sidewalks was a fruit-stand where Killorin spied a stout-staved barrel, which, as the man explained, held noble Spanish grapes. "They're no harm, the grapes," said Killorin, and turned the barrel upside down on the sidewalk. The staves were too long. He broke them across his knee.

The leg was soon in splints. "There," said the surgeon, and stood up to cock his head to one side and admire his handiwork.

Garrie looked from the repaired leg to the surgeon. "If that leg's broke, this other must be too—they feel about alike," said Garrie.

The surgeon had a look. "Why, man, so it is!" And with further staves of the grape barrel set that leg also.

"And now, doctor," said Garrie, "if you'll take a peek up there at my right shoulder—they plunked me one there, too, I think."

They had. "Good God!" muttered the doctor, "and never a yip out of him." And while the surgeon was probing for it, Garrie reached out his hand. "The cold drops are breaking out all over me—hold me, Kill!" And almost with that he fainted.

"He will be all right," said the surgeon. "But you stay guard over him. I'll send cot-bearers for him, and see that he's sent home on the hospital-ship to-morrow."

The orders were to keep all civilians out of the plaza; but Carmen Whiffle, stepping up to the officer of the guard, said: "I would like to speak to that wounded man over there. I am an American, too."

She expected the gallant young officer to say, "American? Why, surely," and pass her in. And he did. They all did.

"They're all alike when you play them right," muttered Carmen; and smiled in her power.

She stepped over to where Killorin, with his

back against the pedestal, had taken Garrie's head in his lap. She leaned on one knee beside Garrie. "I was watching from the hotel," she said. "He will be all right, won't he?"

"His kind at his age—you can't kill 'em. He will be high-diving in a month again. With your permission, ma'am," and, drawing papers and tobacco from his pocket, he prepared to roll a cigarette.

"You must be Mr. Killorin."

"Killorin—gunner's mate, first class—yes, ma'am."

"He thinks a lot of you."

"He should." He smiled across at her. "'Twas me taught him to roll cigarettes with one hand."

"He saved my life at Los Cocos this morning."

"So he was telling me you told him."

"Indeed! And what else did he say of me?"

"Nothing but what was good of you, though I've an idea he was wondering all the while how a woman who floated so easy could almost drown so easy."

She eyed him sharply. "To-night he risked his life to come ashore to see me."

Killorin nodded.

"And so he must like me. Would he have made that desperate swim to-night if he didn't

like me? And if he liked me so soon, why— I know from the way he spoke of you that you have great influence with him. I'm rich and he's poor, Mr. Killorin. My name is Carmen Whiffle."

"I know."

"You know? You say it as if you knew much more of me. What is it? Say it."

Killorin waited to wet and put a crimp in the end of his cigarette. "I knew you when your first name was Hannah and you were a diving Venus in a variety show."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, you were one of the few diving Venuses that ever I saw who lived up to their photos in the Sunday supplements. And you met old Bannon, the oil man, one day—after you'd met a few others in between—and married him the next week and was divorced within the same year with half a million."

He was only an enlisted man—a rugged-looking figure with gray hair crowding the black hair of his temples; but she recalled the boy's praise of him and spoke more heedfully.

"You couldn't have told him these things before he left the ship to see me. If you had, he mightn't have come. And now you're turning on me. Why?"

"Wrapping him in cotton wool won't make a

man of him. And some things he must learn of himself."

"Then you're not against me?"

"To save him from you I didn't have to be. At ten o'clock he was to meet you, and by ten o'clock Morales was to be at the gates of the city and our fellows on their way to the landing-pier."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, a man who was on the way to be a man's poet, till he took to making himself a drawing-room darling in an alien land, wrote a good verse once. Maybe you've heard it:

> "'The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
> In the ranks of the brave you will find him—
> His father's sword he has buckled on
> And his wild harp slung behind him—'

"And 'tis a minstrel boy we have here between us, though the poor lad himself doesn't know it yet. And there was never yet a true minstrel boy who wasn't a warrior first, never one that in his youth wouldn't rather be leading a hundred charging men into battle than composing songs for all the nations for all the ages to come. And when he heard the call to colors, Miss Whiffle, I knew that you or any other woman that ever lived"—Killorin swept his free arm contemptuously through space—"might as well be

a marble image—till his fighting was attended to."

"See here. I'm rich and he's poor. Suppose I marry him?"

"He'd only need that to finish him, but you'd never hold him."

"Why not?"

"'Why not?' says you, and the outraged pride of the great man-hunter in every line of your figure. Why not? 'Twould have done you good to know him longer. But only the woman who has borne children, or is willing to bear them, will ever hold Garrie's kind. And that's not you!"

"You can put things more brutally than any man I ever met. What are you saving him for?"

"Poor me," smiled Killorin, "trying to save anybody for anything. And yet I may—even though 'twill be for no more than writing poetry in a garret, Miss Whiffle—or to be no better than myself—a gunner's mate at thirty-five. Maybe so; and yet at his age I, too, never saw the falling or rising sun beyond the sea that it wasn't all of gold or all of silver, and never a far-away hill that wasn't like the coat of Joseph for bright colors; and few women but what wore golden crowns and few men but what had it in them to be heroes. A big, strong man of a boy I was, and

yet the big body of me would stagger like I was drunk walking the deck with the force of the great fancies in me. But never a guiding soul beside me! And so my fill o' drink and women, and to prove the power of my fists in the four quarters of the world—that was me. And Garrie may be no better, for no plan or law of mortal man's is ever to be eternal; but, please God, I'll guide you, Garrie boy, till the day will come when it won't be the call to colors alone will hold you to your course. And then 'twill be only your own self can ruin yourself. With your permission, ma'am"—he lit and consumed his cigarette.

She stood up on her feet. "You're too strong for me. But I cried—do you know that—and I can't remember when I cried before—I must have been a little girl. Will you tell him that when he comes to—you ought to if you're honest—how I cried like a child when I saw him fall?"

"I'll tell him. And one day he'll write a poem of the beautiful, wonderful girl he knew, and that will be you. And somewhere a thousand other girls will read it and pray to be like you—as you never were."

"And you won't tell him of—of what you know of me?"

"'Tis the illusions of the young makes heroes and empires—why should I tell him?"

The men with the cot came and shifted Garrie onto it; and in the bustle of shifting recalled him to consciousness. He felt the little breeze from the Gulf; and on the puff of it came the striking of bells. He counted them—one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two.

"Eight bells—twelve o'clock—midnight. And—Lord, but I'm glad!—another day coming, Kill."

"Yes, boy—another day coming. And—Lord, but I'm glad—another one gone!"

THE CAMERA MAN

The Camera Man

SUCH of us as passed for war correspondents in Porto Bello were waiting to see how things would break in the interior, where was the General Mendez campaigning to one side and the General Valina to the other; and between them tearing the country wide apart.

Mornings and evenings we did our waiting under the portales of the big hotel on the plaza; afternoons we would report to headquarters, where a brigadier-general with an air of great frankness would regularly emerge from an inner office to say, "Gentlemen, the situation to-day is—" and from a typewritten page proceed to read what might as well, for all it told us, have been the bill of dress for the day.

Now and then a bold spirit tried to cable his paper a little something more than the official bulletin; but, if he did, another suave party with fresh-varnished leggins and a cambric handkerchief up his sleeve would do a neat little job with a blue pencil.

It was fine, of course, then, to have our judg-

ments thus laid out for us, but some, especially those against the administration, did not like it.

There was Piper, who represented what many would term a yellow-journal syndicate, with a news capacity limited only by the imagination of its writing staff. Piper came bouncing out from headquarters one late afternoon with "Are we a free people? We are! We must be—it is in the Constitution! Talk of Continental bureaucracies! Has any of them got anything on this military oligarchy down here? I'm through with this place!"

Whereupon all hands gave Piper the laugh; whereat, "No, no—get me right," implored Piper. "I've signed my name to inventions in the past—and may again; but they were my own, not some bureau chief's."

Piper's protests lasted from headquarters to the hotel, and it being by then dark, with the lights of the plaza gleaming pleasantly, we sat in under the portales and ordered dinner; and while we were at that, along came Lieutenant Ned Trench of the navy; and he being the kind who could take a high part in an adventure and come back and tell about it without trying to make himself out too great a hero, we hailed him; and he sat in with us.

He had led a landing party in Santa Cruz, a

port to the south of us, and was to get a medal of honor out of it. He did not speak of the medal, but he did have a word to say of the landing.

"And there was a fellow there," went on Trench, "and not being in uniform and not on our muster-rolls, the official despatches made no mention of him—which was a pity. We were in this open space near the lighthouse I've been telling about, lying flat on our stomachs, ducking a heavy fire from hundreds of snipers, when this young fellow came along with a good-sized box. And when I looked around again to see what the box might be for, there was a moving-picture camera set upon a tripod. 'A good spot,' I heard him say, and with the most cheerful smile he begins to grind away.

"And while he's turning the crank he's looking around for snipers, too. 'There's one!' he called out—'and there's one—look—behind that lattice! And another one—shooting from behind that pile of rugs on that balcony—see him!' He had eyes, that fellow. And 'There's one—back of that chimney!' he'd say again, reaching over and tapping me on the shoulder if I wasn't looking, and never stopping all the time he's talking to grind away on his camera. And the shooting from the snipers was almost like machine-gun crackling, and I was on one knee all this time,

being the officer in command and having to show a little careless contempt, as per tradition, for the men's benefit—which they did not at all need; but there was this movie man standing full height, and grinding away and pointing his camera wherever he thought it looked pretty good for a picture.

"A dozen of our fellows were killed and fifty odd others shot up before we cleaned things up along the water-front. Two bullets went through his machine, which worried him till he found they had damaged no vital parts, and one of his tripod legs was shot away. But not a mark on himself.

"While he was packing up his box, I said: 'You're the lucky man!' And he said: 'You betcher. Hardly a week out of the studio, and here I am probably making good with the old man already.'"

Trench was still with us, when a dusty young fellow with a good-sized leather-covered box and a roving eye stepped from the plaza sidewalk to the cover of the portales. He looked out of uniform beside all the white ducks and lace gowns at the tables, and the pompous majordomo started to wave him away; but it was he who waved the majordomo away when he spied Trench.

"Well," said Trench, "if here isn't my camera man! Hello there!"

"Hello yourself," he grinned to Trench, and shook hands.

Trench introduced us all around.

"I don't suppose you remember me?" he said, when it came my turn.

Remember him? I remembered him—when he was a cow-man in Arizona, an oil-driller in Oklahoma, a bull-fighter in Mexico—I was only wondering if he remembered me; and recalled to his mind that when I last saw him, he was headed home—to stay with his folks awhile, even if he had to take to a trolley-car to make a living.

"And I went," he said, and shoved his black box under the table and dropped his wide-brimmed straw hat in on top of it. "Thanks, yes—I'll have a sangaree. I went home to Brooklyn and killed six months of a dull year as a trolley-car conductor; when a friend of mine tips me off to give the moving-picture game over in Jersey a whirl. And I did."

His harmless sangaree came; and he sampled it. "Good, isn't it?" he breathed; and then: "They were making one of those endless serial features, the kind where the heroine fills in ten hours a day climbing out of express-trains onto overhead bridges, and in and out of sewers, and

falling out of balloons and being thrown off the rear end of ferry-boats. The contract called for at least one exciting episode every week, and we were giving it, and stringing it out as long as the public would stand for it.

"I got five dollars every day I worked. I was mostly a villain—trying to steal the plans of some fort, which plans the hero was always leaving around in bureau drawers, loose hand-bags and roll-top desks. An Italian or a Frenchman I was, with a change now and then to a Russian spy; though they tell me"—he took a reflective sip of the sangaree—"that the fashions in villains are changing, and that next year they'll be running more to Germans or maybe Turks.

"I used to wear a curly mustache and a swarthy complexion, when it wasn't the long, flowing whiskers of a grand duke—and I spent most of my time stealing around corners of barns and outhouses—when it wasn't a magnificently upholstered drawing-room, with my knees almost touching the ground and my head turned back over one shoulder, except when the director would yell for me to show my face more to the camera man, so the audience wouldn't mistake me for anything but the same old villain.

"Every once in a while I'd have to do a sprint to escape the hero, not forgetting to stop at in-

tervals for the director's count. 'Now!' the director would yell. 'Won-na, two-oo, three-e, fo-o-ur—all right—beat it!' Every ten yards or so I'd have to do that, to let the camera man get me while I registered hate, fear, contempt, and other brands of low villainy. If I was a little more wall-eyed and didn't have such a scrappy-looking nose, the director said I might 've worked up to be a hero. As it was, I had to stick to the villain parts and take a beating every time the hero caught up to me, which was once every two reels. We released two reels a week. But"—he looked around the table—"am I giving you all too much of this movie detail?"

We said we'd stand for the detail.

"All right. The camera man was a good fellow that I had time to be chummy with on the days we didn't work; and one day—the pair of us loafing under the roof of an ante-bellum veranda just outside Bayonne, the same being beside a precipice over which the hero was going to throw me as soon as it stopped raining and the sun came out light enough for a picture—he says: 'I got a chance to go down to one of those tropic countries to get revolution pictures, but I ain't goina go. I been engaged to be married for three months now, an' me 'n' the girl's tired waitin' an' we've bought our furniture, an' soon's this

foolish stuff winds up—an' it looks like it will soon, the way the houses are fallin' off—I'm goina take a month off, an' me 'n' the girl we're goina go 'n' get married, an' maybe we'll stay away more'n a month if our money holds out. An' if I do, why don't you go down there 'stead o' me? You know enough now about the work —unless you'd rather stay bein' a villain up here?'

"I was getting sort of tired about that time of being beat up regularly by a hero that I could put it all over, if they'd only for about four minutes forget what the plot was; and we went up to talk it over with the old man, and he says: 'M-m, I dunno,' and he looks at me again, and sighs, and says: 'After all, I suppose the main thing on that job is to have your noive with you, an' they say you got as much noive as the next. All right—go to it. I'll see about getting your transportation down there.'

"And the old man wrote to Washington, I suppose; for the next thing he passes me a document to go over to the Brooklyn Navy-Yard and report aboard a battleship. And I do; and I get a stateroom all to myself, and one rainy afternoon we steamed out of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard with a multitude of men and women and babies cheering and crying and weeping into hand-

kerchiefs, my own mother among 'em, and waving gloves and umbrellas and babies' legs up in the air, and our ship's band larruping out 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' You'd think we were going to fight the German or the Jap or the British navy as soon as we got outside the bay, instead of handing a slap on the wrist to a little country whose whole navy, so far's I could find out, was two dinky little fruit-steamers of warships we could 've 'most swung up one side of our ship and over the other with our hoisting-cranes.

"A whale of a battleship she was, so long and wide you'd need a motor-bicycle to be getting around on her deck, and she had a bow on her like the Flatiron Building. I did my eating with a bunch of officers in a room running the whole width of the ship, with a gun sticking out each end from what I'd call a window, but they called a sponson—or was it a barbette? I used to draw a chair up, and it didn't matter which way the wind blew, or whether it blew at all—that big ship rushing through the water used to make a fine breeze coming through that sponson. I'd never been on a sea trip before, and I'd sit there and let it blow over me, me bein' the only one aboard who didn't have to work, and look out on the blue sea and sky, with the flying-fishes I used

to read about jumping out of the water in bunches. We'd had what we thought was a pretty big steam-yacht in our great movie serial, but this kind of cruising made that look like rough-neck work, and I said to myself: 'If ever I find forty million dollars in precious gems on some desert isle same as our movie hero did once, I'm going to build myself one of those battleships with sponsons or barbettes, whatever they are, sticking out all over it, and go yachting in her.'

"At night the officers used to draw up their chairs on the quarter-deck, brace their feet on one of the chain rails and let the moon and stars have a look at 'em; and whoever wanted to could lean over the rail and watch the ship shove the sea in white-hot waves from her sides as she went rushing by; but mostly we sat there and listened to the band, till a lot of bells struck and the band folded up their camp-stools and their music-stands and disappeared inside the ship. And then, maybe, some officer began to talk of a lot of international and other important subjects, and when they did I'd leave and go hunt up a fellow about seven decks down-stairs with two red bent stripes on one sleeve, who used to slip me the baseball scores by wireless.

"But no good thing ever lasts. We came after a week of steaming to a low, sandy beach with a

lot of low-built red, blue, and cream-colored walls and roofs back of it. The Hot Coast they said it was. And hot coast was right. With the first breath of that wind from the shore, I went down and had a shower-bath, and about the time our ship was ready to drop anchor among a lot of other battleships and cruisers and bumboats and tugboats and torpedo things, I had another.

"I see where that iron battleship wasn't going to be any Far Rockaway beach cottage to sleep in nights on that coast; so after my shower-bath I pack my camera and make for the beach in the first boat I can get; and I'm hardly there when a friendly-looking hombre of a spig that I slipped a quarter to for answering a couple of civil questions, kind of hints to me that there'll be something doing to all foreigners soon, and maybe I'd better get under cover. And I do. I tuck away with a bunch of easy-going looking spigs in a little fruit-schooner that I see tied up to a long pier; and while I'm there, playing a game where you have to hold up fingers while another fellow rolls a pair of dice, the object being to add up some number or other, I see some boat-loads of our bluejackets from our ships being towed ashore; and they form on the beach and start to march, and as they do so—zing-o!—the battle is on. Of course I hurry up to get there before it's over,

and there I meet"—he grinned at Trench—"our friend here."

"I was telling the fellows about it," said Trench, "and how lucky you were."

"Lucky? You betcher! I shipped a thousand feet that night of good fight action to the old man, and he cables me congratulations and five hundred dollars bonus. And I got some of the five hundred left and I'd like to be allowed to buy a drink."

He was not allowed to buy a drink. "You left Santa Cruz a week ago," suggested Trench "to sail up the coast to here."

"Yes—the old man in his cable said to get up here. So I took passage on that same little fruit-schooner I spoke of. They were a good-natured gang, and I'd got back most of the forty pesos they'd stung me for the day of the fight, and I was thinking how fine it would be to be getting another breath of fresh salt air and maybe a chance for some sea pictures.

"I got my chance for sea pictures. We bumped head on into one of those northers they speak about down here. It came down the coast with a voice like a soul from hell, and the fruit-schooner was about forty feet long and I could have punched my fists through her sails anywheres. The wind of that norther came along—and whip-

p-per-ree!—when it passed on our sails looked like a fine young Monday morning's wash hanging out on the line to dry, only brown clothes instead of white. Aboard the big battleship I thought the ocean was a great place, but on this little fruiter I said I dunno. I guess the size made a difference. The little schooner, she didn't have a bow on her like any flatiron building; and she was about three feet out of water in her highest part. She dived up and down and sideways, me heaving what I'd eaten for three days over the side without being hove over myself after it; and the boat all the time driving out into the wide Gulf somewheres. And then the wind slued another way and we came back to where we can see a sandy beach, but a fine line of high rollers between us and the beach. We get closer and closer, till the fellow who must 've been the captain—he having the most to say and the least to do—calls to let go the anchor. But the anchor didn't hold us. We keep going for the shore, and we all have another look at the high rollers, and I take and wrap my camera in four thicknesses of scraps of sails that I cut from what was left of them blowing around in the air, and putting a note in an empty sardine can inside saying where to send it if anybody picks it up; and another note to the old man explaining how I

tried to get sea pictures of the high seas, but was no go—I'd need a concrete lighthouse or something for a base to get them onto the strip.

"We strike bottom, and soon's we do, I go overboard on a little raft made of planks from her hold. Nobody wanted to go with me. I got along pretty well till a special big roller capsizes me. I grab my camera and heave it on top of my head, and lo and behold you! when my feet hit bottom I'm only up to my chin. I'm knocked down a couple of times more, but beat my way up to the high beach, my camera still with me. I'm all right, except I've got a feeling I'd like to lie down and take a nap; but looking back, I see one of the crew who'd followed me on another little raft, and when he got knocked down in the surf I have to go out and haul him up on the high beach—and that before I have time to haul the canvas off my camera and dry it out. By and by the surf lets down a little, and they all come ashore.

"So that's all right. We walk on to where we see a few sailboats in a little place, and the captain says that I can here charter another sailboat to take me to Porto Bello. I said no—I'd run enough risk of losing my camera, and I left them, after dividing a few pesos among them—but am I putting in too much detail? No? All right.

"I struck inland, and by and by came to a railroad, and there I meet a man riding along on a thin little burro with a fat baby asleep in his arms. The baby had on a bright-red shirt and nothing else. He told me the railroad ran to Porto Bello, which was forty miles further on. I'd been walking for four hours then with my camera slung to my shoulders.

"He wouldn't take two pesos to let me put the camera on his burro—he didn't want to wake the baby, he said; so I plugged along with my eye on the burro's tail till I heard a train coming. It's behind us and it's late in the afternoon. I took a look back at the train. 'Jeepers,' I say, 'I'll look fine carrying this load forty miles to Porto Bello!' So I dropped my box, grabbed the baby off the burro and waved him and his bright-red shirt together across the track. The train stopped —r-m-m-p.

"I handed the baby back to the old man who is yelling at me for grabbing the baby, and rolled a cigarette while I'm waiting for the spig conductor to come rushing up and ask what's the matter. When he does, I ask him for a light. First, I thought he'd eat me, but after a while he cools off, and by the time I pass him the makes, he says: 'Gracias, señor,' and rolls a cigarette for himself. And pretty soon he says yes, he

didn't see why I can't take that train to Porto Bello. And I do—after slipping the old spig two pesos for the loan of the baby, who was still asleep.

"When we reach here—two hours ago that was—I go straight to the cable office and there's a word, as I expect, from the boss telling me to go on up country and get pictures of General Mendez and his outfit. And I go down to the station to buy a ticket up his way, and when I do an officer steps up to me and asks me if I'm an American, and I ask him if I look like anything else. And he tells me then that I won't be allowed to leave Porto Bello to visit Mendez.

"And I ask him why not; and he tells me that it ought to be enough for me that he says so, to which I answer that his air of authority is complete, but I was one of those unfortunate hombres who liked to hear a little logic in an argument; and so would he kindly add a little detail? Then he says it is dangerous and I might get shot, and there might be complications. And I said I was a fairly healthy subject and I'd risk the complications, and he said that that would be about enough from me, and beckons to a couple of sentinels with bayonets fixed to their rifles, and so I picked up my camera, and now I'm here and looking for somebody—anybody—who'll tell me something. What I want to know

is, what's to hinder me—besides the orders of a military staff—from getting out of this town to see Mendez?"

We told him: A row of sentries with loaded rifles a hundred feet apart and a barbed-wire fence just outside the city. It was a tough game to beat, we also told him.

He finished the last of his sangaree and stood up. "It's got to be a tough game if a man can't beat it after he stops and thinks it over."

We suggested that he could take a steamer up the coast to Chapico and there get a train to Valina's army. "Valina," we added, "is in right with headquarters."

"I'm not on the pay-roll at headquarters, and the old man didn't mention Valina. He said to get pictures of General Mendez. Maybe I'll see you all again—maybe I won't. Either way"—he reached under the table for his wide-brimmed hat, jammed it hard down on his head, swung his brown box to his shoulder—"adios." He waved his hand, cut diagonally across the plaza and disappeared toward where the high country lay.

Piper stood up and gazed after him. "His line of talk echoes in my ears like some rag-time dance, but he's got the right idea about getting out of this jail of a place, only he's after the

wrong man. Me for Valina. And so I too"—Piper saluted—"adios"—and was also gone, but toward the water-front.

Those of us whose papers could afford to keep us there waited in Porto Bello for Mendez, who was still in the mountains to the west, and Valina, who was still in the mountains to the north, waited for one or the other to do something.

Two, four, ten weeks we waited, and then one morning the whisper began to go around that something had happened in the interior—in Valina's country—and on top of that rumor came a cable from my paper saying that Mendez agencies claimed Valina forces were in retreat, and to get what I could for the morning edition.

Headquarters would say nothing; I was sitting by myself in the café of the big hotel, wondering how I could beat the official machinery, when I saw the high-hung doors of the café kick open; behind the doors was a dusty boot, and after the boot came the camera man. Straight across the room he came charging, and swinging his leather-covered box down from his shoulder, he shoved it under my table.

"Hello!" he said: "I thought I'd find you here." He shoved his hat in on top of the box. "I'll have a sangaree—yes."

He was thirsty; another sangaree, and I asked him how he made out that night after he left us. "We know you made out," I added, "because we didn't hear of your being in jug next morning. But how'd you do it?"

He took a sip of his sangaree. "You were right about the sentries—they were a hundred feet apart. But a hundred feet is a hundred feet, and a five-foot barbed-wire fence is not too high for a man of my build to vault over on a moderately dark night. But what was worrying you when I first came in?"

I told him.

He had been looking tired and drooping in his chair; now he straightened and grinned. "Listen to me, and let me run along, unless I'm putting in too much detail. When I am, check me.

"I got by the guards that night, and, my box on my shoulder, cut through a few miles of sand hills and around to the railroad-track. But I still had a couple of hundred miles of a mountainous country to go to reach Mendez, and I had no mind to walk it—not with that camera. It would take too long. I built a fire on the track just before the night freight came puffing up the grade, and when the train-hands got off to put out the fire, I climbed onto a flat car in the rear shadows and tucked myself and my camera

in among a lot of American reaping-machines, and went to sleep. Next morning comes along a train-hand with a put-out lantern who seemed to have no prejudices against American hoboes, and we roll cigarettes and have a chat. I could always remember a little of the language from the old days in Mexico, and every hour in the country was bringing it back fast to me. By and by he invites me into the caboose and makes me a cup of coffee; and there I stay till he tells me it's my place to get off.

"Only for meeting up with my brakeman friend I'd been wondering, when I got off the freight-train, how long I'd be allowed to walk around before somebody would want to shoot me; but nobody seemed to mind me, except to ask me what I had in the brown box. So I cleaned up and inquired about General Mendez.

"He was there for anybody that wanted to look him over. For the general of his country's army he took his job pretty easy, I thought. Every morning at six o'clock he'd come down to the shady side of the plaza in his motor-car, and whoever wanted to could walk up and say what he had to say to the old fellow while he was sitting on the back cushions smoking long cheroots. A fat secretary on the front seat would make notes for him. By ten o'clock or so he was

through work for the day, and then he'd stop to have a look around.

"Not a drink of anything but coffee up to then; but now began the rounds of the city, going from one café to another and having a drink, maybe two drinks, wherever he went. I stood off and studied him for two days before I made up my mind to butt in on him. He was a keen, small-eyed, lean-jawed man with hard, high cheek-bones; and when he smiled he showed more teeth than you could count in one of those skeletons that you see hanging up on wires in museums. I heard stories of how he'd take conspirators, give them overnight to make their peace with God, stand 'em up against a wall and order them shot in the morning. After seeing him smile I believed it.

"He was a funny combination, Mendez. He batted around town, letting anybody that wanted to buy him a drink. And ther's one thing about these tropical countries—they don't seem to mind their great men acting natural if they feel like it. In good time I asked him to have a drink on me and every one else in the place with him. There were twenty people there, and 'Thirty pesos,' said the waiter. 'Jeepers!' I said to myself, 'some class to whatever drink that was,' and 'twas then I learned the old fellow never

touched anything but a special kind of brandy that cost a dollar and a half a throw; which was why, I suppose, there weren't so many rushing up to buy him drinks as you'd think there ought to be for a general of the army making his social rounds.

"He turned to me after he'd had his drink and asked me what kind of a contract I was after. Of course I wasn't spending thirty dollars for a round of drinks without reason, he said. I told him I'd like to be allowed to take a few photographs. What!—no horses, or mules, or guns, or canned goods to sell his army? There was that in the look he gave me to let me know that, if I had been watching him, so had he me. No. What I wanted was to be allowed to go to the front to take pictures of the fighting. He made a face as if to say: Only that? and told his fat secretary to give me a pass to take me any place I wanted to go.

"His field headquarters were in a town about twenty miles off. I drove out there, and the first thing I noticed over to one side of the plaza after I got there is the sign El Murphy over a cantina. 'Murphy?' I say, and gave the driver the word to hold up while I have a peek. And the first man I see leaning against the further end of the bar is Murphy Guerrero, who used to be

the other half of the trolley crew with me up in Brooklyn. Murphy's mother was an Irish girl before she married Guerrero, who used to be a champion six-day runner in Madison Square Garden and wherever else the gate-money was good, before he got too stiff in the knees and settled down to run a fruit-stand not far from the Erie Basin over in Brooklyn. Murphy favored his mother's people in looks and build, but he had some Guerrero inheritances, too. He was the only man I ever met within the precinct limits of Brooklyn who could roll a cigarette with one hand while he talked with the other. And he was rolling one now, in a négligée shirt and a homelike air, and having a word with what looked like a few dozen El O'Briens and El Sullivans and El Gallaghers also leaning in négligée shirts and homelike airs against the bar.

"Three standing jumps landed me into the middle of the cantina. 'Whatever brought you down this country?' I ask Murph, even before I ask him to have a drink.

"'My own father's country—why not?' he, says, sort of indignant.

"'I know, but how'd you happen to come here, I mean?'

"'Oh,' says Murph, 'I got tired steering that trolley-car after you jumped to he movies, and

shipped for steward on what I thought was a banana-boat tied up to a dock in Brooklyn one day. And maybe she was—coming north. But going south this time she had a couple of holds full of boxes of rifles and cartridges marked HANDLE WITH CARE—GLASS for this General Mendez party; and one of our gunboats steams up to us as we came to anchor in some port down on the coast here, and says we mustn't land 'em—I don't know why. I was glad to see the gunboat, too. Some of her crew used to stand on the front platform with me when you and me used to run the Sand Street route back home. "Hello, Murph!" they yelled, which made me feel at home, but it don't put our ship in right with the gunboat captain. He says he has orders to stop us landing our gunboat supplies, and that's all there's to it.

" 'And we lay there two weeks, and I got tired of walking barefooted days on a red-hot deck and sleeping nights next a smoke-stack with steam up. Besides, I was cabin-steward on her, and she carried a first officer who must 'a' thought he was ordering around a regular, well-trained, house-broken servant when he spoke to me. So I threw a double portion of a tapioca pudding at him one day at lunch—and let the plate go with it—and then took a running high dive over

the rail, and when I come up there was a man in a green and yellow painted boat cruising around for trade, and I showed him an American dollar to row me ashore, at the same time passing him a couple of wallops to speed him up; for by that time the first officer had combed the pudding and crockery out of his eyes and ears and his two-way beard and his collar and necktie and his blue coat with the brass buttons, and was on deck with a contraband rifle. But I guess he knew more about freighting rifles than shooting them. I counted eight times he didn't even hit the boat.

" 'I got ashore and beat my way up here, and of course I had to make a living the first thing; and there's a silver mine across the arroyo with a couple of hundred Americans working there, and I points out to the proprietor of this cantina, when he was complaining to me one day of poor business, that what he needed to do was to stick a good American name over the door and ketch the American miners when they came thirsty up from the bowels of the earth on hot days. And one of the most popular American names ever, I tell him, was of course my own—Murphy—as he could see for himself by cocking up his ear when they called the roll of the mine on pay-day. And sure enough he listens, and there's four

Murphys among 'em, and he agrees to give me a quarter of the profits for the loan of my name and me to stand around and pass a little gossip with the exiles from Chicago and Saint Paul and Butte, and other home ports. And now,' winds up Murph, 'what you doin' here yourself?'

"And I tell him.

"'And now you're here, what you goin' to do next?' he asks.

"And I tell him—to see some fighting and get some pictures of it.

"'Fighting?' says Murph pensively. 'D'ye know, it's been running in my head, too. I've half a mind to go with you. Fighting?' he says, after rolling another cigarette—'I will go with you,' and he takes his hat and a mandolin off a nail, wakes up his boss, who is having his afternoon siesta, to explain the situation to him, says adios all around and walks out with me.

"'Any baggage?' I ask.

"'Sure,' he says—'in a money-belt under my inside shirt.'

"And we go to the front and I present my pass from the general, and we're told to keep ourselves anywhere along the firing-line. And we do, Murphy with the rifle of the last man shot and me with my camera, the pair of us bunking nights in an old caboose on a spur-track, and

having our meals cooked by a lad who drifted in on us the second day to say that his father and mother had both been killed and he was living with his grandmother, and would we let him work for us for his meals? He pointed her out to us one day, an old crone who had a sort of a gypsy wagon that she used to tow after the army with an old goat of a white horse and from which she used to cook sweetmeats for the soldiers.

"'Will we?' says Murph, and, 'Of course,' I said, 'we'll have him for our dog-robber.'

"'What's a dog-robber?' asks Murph; and I explain how, when I was in the army, we used to call the man the colonel picked out to rustle his grub and tidy up his tent and shine his shoes and maybe shave him—his dog-robber.

"'Sure,' says Murph, 'we'll have a dog-robber, too,' and tells the kid, who thanks Murph instead of me.

"And looking at him I couldn't help thinking that if he only had on skirts instead of a pair of too-big khaki pants and a loose linen coat coming to his knees, he could have stood for a madonna picture."

He stopped.

"He never left off that high straw hat once while I was in camp. I took a still picture of him one day," he resumed suddenly; "here it is." From

a little pocketbook he produced a small unmounted photograph and laid it on the table.

I picked it up and was still looking at it when —"He had the loveliest brown eyes I ever saw," added the camera man.

"A sad face," I said, and laid the photograph down.

"Yes," he agreed, "but aren't the kind of people we like the best way always half-way sad when they take their uniforms off?"

He put the little picture back in his little pocketbook, and went on:

"Happy days we had then, Murph doing his share of shooting from the trenches and me taking pictures of whatever looked good by day, and in the late afternoon coming back to our little caboose, where Murph would tinkle on his mandolin and sing, while we would both let our feet hang down from the side door and watch a sun that was like a blood-orange, and again like a ripe yellow squash, sink below a row of mountains that were another jamboree of color; and our dog-robber washing the tin cups and saucers, and singing some little low tune while he washed.

" 'I don't see where any general has anything on us,' Murph would say, 'with our moderate hours of labor and our great little muchacho of a dog-robber to cook and clean up after our day's

work is done,' and he'd plunk away some more on his mandolin, with his face maybe looking soulful up at a shining moon; and our dog-robber with maybe his day's work done sitting on the butt of a sleeper below us and looking up at Murphy. When the night grew old and Murph stopped, our dog-robber would hook up his long coat and go off to his grandmother in the gypsy wagon and the wobbly old white horse; but always he was back in the morning to make coffee for us.

"It was the happy life all right, with the mortality in the trenches no higher than was to be expected—Murph only getting two little bullets into him, and they soon came out; when a letter reached me from the old man, saying the revolutionary leader Valina seemed to be having the call in the papers lately up home, and for me to get around and get to work on him and his army.

"So I parted with Murphy and took the train north, having to change cars at a place where there was a water-tank, a windmill, and a cantina, and up the track a gang of section-hands throwing rock off a string of flat cars. Naturally I headed for the shade and refreshment of the cantina, and there I found a man in a mustard-colored suit with a green box by his side drinking first a hooker of gin and then a bottle of beer. He'd

shoot the gin down with a rush, but let the beer follow more leisurely. It was a hot day and he had three of that combination, me shaking the dust and wiping the sweat off me, before he takes time to turn around and look at me.

"When he does, by way of opening up a conversation that would get us somewhere without too much waste of time, I said: 'You can't do it, Bill—drink gin and beer like that—not and stay healthy.'

" 'Healthy!' he yells. 'Wot yuh talkin' about? For nine years I been doin' it, and look at me'—he was six feet high with a wide back—'ain't I healthy? Better have one yourself.' And I did—without the gin. And after one on me, I asked him what he had in the green box that he seemed so afraid somebody would steal from him.

"He chuckled. 'You'd never guess,' he said.

"But I guessed what it was the first time after he opened the box up for me to see. One time in the movies I had to take the heroine—me being the villain as usual—and slam her into an empty locomotive boiler that happened to be rolling around on a desolate waste on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean. And then I go off a little ways and gloat while the tide comes up and begins to fill the boiler.

"While I'm off to one side gloating, along

comes the hero in a taxicab and a pair of mouse-colored button boots, and he plasters one ear up against the boiler and hears her piteous cries. It is as he suspected—she is drowning! Help! she is calling. The hero rushes off, and in one minute and ten seconds is back with a little machine in a box. Where he gets it, the plot didn't tell—probably fell out of a balloon. All he needs is a pint or so of gasolene to start the little dynamo in it, and he gets that out of the taxi tank; and then, right before the eyes of the audience, he starts her up and begins to cut a big circle out of the top of the boiler. Inside the water is rising to the heroine's waist, to her chest, to her neck, to her chin. But z-z-z is buzzing meanwhile the very latest invention of science, the magic plate-cutter with the white flame, and away comes a round circle of the boiler—in one minute and fifty seconds while you're looking at him, and the hero's strong arm reaches down into the boiler and—just as the salt tide is about to gurgle down the heroine's throat—pulls her out. S-s-s—foiled again, I glare from the distance, registering waves of hate and loathing and fear o'er my villainous, black-mustached countenance in a close-up that will be tinted green for the screen, I hear the director say when the camera man stops to bite off a chew of tobacco.

"So I tell my friend what it is is in the little green box and, what's more, I know how to work it, and I show him, and he has to admit I'm right, and then he says: 'But I'll bet you a gin-and-beer yuh'll never guess what I'm goin' to do with it.'

"I don't try, and he don't tell me till he's had three more gin-and-beers. And then it turns out that he's a New York burglar by trade, and he'd done a little job one night and was bringing the proceeds home in a taxi—in a black bag, like he was a lawyer or something—when he was seized with a terrible thirst and it was a hot night with nothing in the flat where he'd been working but one of those big upside-down bottles of spring water in the back hall, and he gets out of the taxi for a little gin and beer, when he hears steps hurrying after him; and more steps; and he goes through the rear window of the saloon and up an alley and over a fence and through a yard and out another alley—by this time he'd dropped the black bag with the bowls and plates rattling inside—and he keeps on going till he came to a dock where they were loading a steamer by electric light, and he slips aboard her and down into the darkest corner he could find in the hold and stows away there sorrowful, without ever having even a glass of beer for his night's work.

"And he fell asleep there, and when he woke up the floor was rolling around under him, and a lot of sewing-machines and motor-cycles in crates, and salt fish in bales were promising to roll down on top of him. He never knew just how long he lay there eating salt fish and trying to think up a good lie for how he came to be there, before he crawled up on deck. For he knew he'd have to crawl out on deck some time—he couldn't keep on eating salt fish forever. When he did crawl out, he said to the captain he must 'a' been walking in his sleep and fell down the hold, and the captain looked at him just once and said: 'Take that hobo down and set him passing coal!' And they did—away down near the bottom of the ship—and hot! Hell wasn't ever goin' to be any hotter than when they began to get down into what they told him was the Gulf of Mexico.

"In two weeks, or three maybe, they steamed into somewhere or other and he had to go ashore. And he jumped aboard a train, and there met up with a man who told him he used to be a travelling salesman by trade, but who now had this little plate-cutter and a great scheme. He'd heard about this revolutionary hero Valina having a half-million dollars or so in gold in a safe in a baggage-car hitched up to a locomotive with steam ready for his getaway any minute. It

looked pretty good. After a few drinks together the travelling salesman said he'd let him in on it.

"They'd had a few more gin-and-beers together at way stations along the road, when the travelling salesman took a fit in the sun and died, leaving the plate-cutter in the little green box behind him; and he grabbed it. And here he was now—on the road to Valina—feeling a little sad o' course after having his new chum die on him; but five minutes alone in that baggage-car, Bo, was all he wanted. And 's for the locomotive for the getaway!—he used to fire on a locomotive on the Erie one time.

" 'But have another beer and keep that to yourself,' he says. And I did; and we climbed aboard a flat car after all the rock was heaved off and started for Marreon, which is where Valina was at this time.

"But no sooner do we hop off the train in Marreon than a thin, bow-legged party with a sword and a pair of epaulets clinging to the shoulders of his pajama uniform steps up and asks my burglar friend what he's got in the box. And he's so slow thinking up a good excuse that they're sure it is some kind of an infernal machine to blow up the general, and so they slap Bill into jail. There are a lot of other prisoners in the same jail, but they're saving them to be shot later; and

they put him and his infernal machine in a big room by himself.

"While they are on the way with me, for Valina himself to look me over, we run into a fellow named Piper that I'd seen here with you the night I left here. 'I'll bring this hombre to the general,' says Piper, and they say all right, and turn me over to him.

" 'You seem to be pretty strong with these military gents,' I says to Piper.

" 'I should,' he said. 'I'm the general's press-agent, the man that's making him famous in the United States and other outlying districts.'

" 'And what kind is he?'

" 'Oh-h,' says Piper, 'he's never got over the notion that the first duty of a patriot in power is to get rid of the people who don't think the same as he does. One time he used to shoot them one at a time from behind hedges and dobey walls himself, but since he's got to be a leader of the people and a general, he has his army to do it for him, by squads. He's used me all right, though. But where'd you come from last?'

"I tell him. And he says: 'I was afraid you'd come from there, so I grabbed you off. Now don't on your life, when I bring you in to see Valina, tell him you've been with Mendez. You

do and it'll be a blank wall and a firing-squad for you in the morning. Come on.'

"I went with him, up and down a couple of streets, through a bright-lit cantina, then through a long hall and into a marble-paved room where, at a long table in the middle, was a game of roulette going on. There were all kinds at the roulette-table—men that looked as if they might be clerks and men that looked as if they might be mine-owners; and there was a Chinaman, and a Jap, and three or four officers of Valina's army.

"There was a crap-table with a cement wall about a foot high around it, where it was a peso a throw. They'd roll the dice up against the wall and let 'em bounce back onto the cement bed. There was another crap-table, and another roulette-table, and two other tables. Business looked good.

"A man in army uniform peeking out from behind a grille was selling chips to players coming into the game and redeeming chips from players getting through. He didn't redeem many while I watched. 'Where about,' I says to Piper, 'is the hero Valina?' "

" 'Inside, in the office, where that man is looking out from behind that grille. The man behind the grille is his paymaster—he's there to see that nobody holds out on the rake-off.'

"By and by Piper brought me into the office to meet the great liberator, who is sitting comfortably in an easy chair. He is a good-sized, heavy-built hombre with oily black hair and a scraggy mustache, and the way he smoked his fat black cigar made me think of some of our old-style ward politicians back home.

"Valina bowed when Piper introduced me, at the same time looking me over. At last I guess he made up his mind that I was harmless, and he introduces me pleasantly to Captain Vicente at the grille, who I see from behind is small and flat-shouldered, and who starts to give me a polite wave of one hand without ever letting go of a stack of chips in the other, but not finishing up the polite wave, because just then a yellow hand slips a stack of gold coins through the grille and he has to hurry to count them and slip out half a dozen stacks of chips in their place.

" 'It is his second thousand of pesos, general, within the hour,' said the captain with admiration, when he turned around again.

" 'Two thousand!' The general heaved himself up out of his armchair to have a peek through the grille. 'Who is it, Vicente?'

" 'Tong Kee, the Chinese merchant. But he can afford it, that one, general. He it is who sells the Panama hats to the American tourists.'

"'Oh!' said the general, as if that easily accounted for the wealth of the Chink. 'Make a note of the name, Vicente, and together you and I shall call upon him to-morrow. He may present me with the price of a few hats, who knows?'

"He turns then to Piper and asks what I'm after, and Piper and I tell him—to make photographs. He rolls his cigar and wants to know how much I can pay for the privilege.

"Piper then tells him I am the greatest, the most famous, the most wonderful camera operator in the business; and I explain to him in my own spiggity how my company had sent me at enormous expense to take moving pictures of himself and his noble army, and how we intend to make his face as familiar to the people of the great United States as the face of—well, Charlie Chaplin.

"'Shap-lin? Who is Shaplin?' he asks suspiciously; and I see he wasn't going to stand for any other man heroes, so I changed Chaplin to Mary Pickford. And understanding she is only a woman and so can't be a rival, he looks more pleased and tells me to go ahead, but he must see the pictures before I send them off.

"'How can you keep yourself hooked up to that grafter and faker?' I ask Piper after we came away.

"And he says: 'Whadda you take me for—a reformer? Besides how 'm I going to change him? And grafters and reformers—what's the difference? Most reformers are people that never had a chance to graft. The real honest reformer has to scratch around so hard to get together an honest living himself that he's generally all in by the time he gets his toe-hold. Besides, Valina uses me all right. He pays me two thousand pesos a month, and you can't tell—he may come through. Just as big fakers as he is have made names before this; and he's got a big moneyed gang behind him. They can do business with him, and if he comes through—there's no telling—being on the spot at the right time means ten times more than ability when it comes to pulling off the big job—and I'm going to stay on the spot.'

"Next day I took a few hundred feet of Valina waving his sword and looking backward on horseback in the grand old movie style, and when I rigged up a projector and showed it to him, he detailed a squad to see that I wasn't interrupted in my great work of making more pictures of him.

"And I take another little reel of him charging at the head of his troops. He had a big black horse, and the big loafer *could* ride. After he'd seen this picture on the screen, I told Piper in confidence for Piper to tell him in confidence,

which Piper does with a few trimmings, that when the American people see that film unrolling before their very eyes, he could go up to the United States and get naturalized and be elected President.

"'So!' he says, and he looked like a man who was thinking it over. Whether he was or not, the amount of salve you can pass to those big loafers who have the giving out of good jobs—and they take it as their due—it's the limit.

"It was a few days after that we heard that Mendez had shot fifty of Valina's men he had taken prisoners, saying they had once been in his army and so were traitors. Which stirred our liberator up. He passed the word to be sure to take some prisoners in the next fight, and a crowd of his men next day grabbed off an advance-guard of Mendez's, and Valina orders them taken with the twenty odd he had herded up in jail and stood against a wall, ten at a time, and not wait till morning, but shoot them right away.

"And when they start to do it, Valina motions to me to get ready to take moving pictures of it. And I get the first squad of ten marching up, and the firing-squad with loaded rifles making ready and aiming, and the firing, and the ten of them falling every which way after the volley.

And Valina smiles at 'em dead, and looks around as if he expects everybody else to smile, too. And most of 'em do.

"I get the second ten the same way. And I'm getting ready to get the third ten marching up, when I feel some one's eyes on me, and I look up and in the line is Murphy. He looks at me as if he was going to speak, and when he does I say to myself: 'Jeepers, we're both gone if he does!' and I don't meet his eye at all. And without looking straight at me again, he keeps on rolling a cigarette with one hand, his other hand being held in both hands of a slim lad beside him that I see after another look is our dog-robber, who doesn't even see me he's so busy looking at Murph.

"They pass on, the pair of 'em, to the death line, Murph looking down on the cigarette he's rolling, and then wetting it, crimping the end of it, and lighting it with a little wax match which he strikes on the dead wall behind him without even turning to look, while he's waiting to be shot. That was the spig blood in him—not to let any one know you're worried; and Murph puffs on his cigarette and pats the shoulder of his dog-robber and throws back his head and blows the smoke through his nose at the firing-squad. It was getting almost too much for me,

but I kept on grinding away at the picture, afraid Valina would suspect something if I didn't, and all the while I'm figuring on how I can haul Murph out of it. And looking from him to his dog-robber, I see what I ought to have seen before, I suppose. He's no boy, the dog-robber, but a girl—a woman, with her high cone-shaped hat now off her head, and her hair—the blackest ever I see—hanging low down her back.

"I guessed she must have made up her mind to die for what she was, and it made my brain take some quick jumps. And I now step up to Valina, who was now looking—everybody was looking—at the dog-robber. Piper is standing beside Valina.

" 'General,' I said, 'a word, please. And you, too, Piper, listen. I'm going to explain to the general what a chance he's got. Let me take pictures of him pardoning this line of prisoners after capturing them. Think what a showing it will make for him in the moving pictures in the United States—The Merciful Conqueror, sparing his prisoners after they were justly condemned to death!' Between us we explained it to Valina. And he begins to see it. 'Good! Arrange it immediately!' he says to me.

"I explain that I want to make a good job of it, and so will need the clear morning light. It

is then pretty well on in the afternoon. 'In the morning, then,' he says. 'And afterward I shall shoot them.' All this time his eyes had never left Murphy's dog-robber. 'Bring that one here to me,' he says.

"She was brought to him, and for all she was weary and ragged she was a great-looking girl now, with a pair of eyes as she looked at Murphy that would make you want to cry for her—and him. Valina looked her over and ordered her to be taken to his headquarters; and they took her off, her feet dragging on the ground.

"By that time Murphy had forgotten his spig inheritance. He took a couple of steps past the guards, and then a long running dive for Valina. The guards couldn't shoot for fear of shooting into their own crowd. Valina was looking after the dog-robber, and didn't turn around till he heard everybody yelling, and then it was just in time to meet Murphy's fingers around his throat. Murphy weighed two hundred pounds and he'd come head on like a locomotive. Bam! went the back of Valina's head—he hit the ground so quick. I saw Valina reach for his automatic even while his eyes were popping. I jumped on top of Murphy, reached under him, slipped Valina's pistol from its holster, and then with Piper and four or five others pulled Murphy off.

"Valina, when he got his breath, reached again for his pistol. I passed it over to him, and saying: 'I took it from him, general.' But before passing it to him I emptied the magazine behind my back. He put it to Murphy's head and snapped the trigger. Nothing happened. He pulled it again. Nothing. 'What's this?' he roared at me.

"'If I had not done so, he would have killed you,' I said. 'He is very strong.' He called for another pistol. Before it could be handed him, I said: 'Do you forget, general, that he is to be pardoned for the pictures? Afterward you could torture him,' I hinted, which made him stop for a second.

"'Good!' he said. 'That is better,' and he motioned them to take Murphy off to jail.

"After supper that night I went down to a café where Valina liked to loaf—a place where girls came out and sang and danced to the music of a harp, three violins, and a fellow who could play the piano like a saint, though he looked like hell—with disease and vice written all over his purple face and bloated body.

"Valina was sitting and eating with his paymaster Vicente and a few others of his staff. He was telling them what he was going to do with the prisoner who tried to kill him. He talked as

if he hadn't been talking of anything else since it happened. 'I will cut off the soles of his feet and march him for two hours on hot sand before I shoot him,' he was saying 'And his woman'—what he would do to her if she did not submit to him won't do anybody any good to hear repeated.

"I stepped up then and said I would like to be passed into the jail to see my compatriot—the man with the green box—and I desired to call his attention also to the fact that so far the green box had not blown up anybody. Also I desired to secure his release from jail if in the general's greatness of soul he would do that for me. But Valina was feeling ugly. 'I shall not release him,' he said. 'And I may shoot him later, also.' But at last, after my hinting at how I'd saved his life from the mad prisoner, he gave me the pass to the jail.

"I went then to where Piper had his office in Valina's official residence. It was a big dobey house, painted purple and green outside, with a soldier on guard at the door; and inside is a patio filled with cast-off uniforms, busted rifles, and empty bottles of ketchup and cans of beef and tomatoes. It had a wide marble staircase going up to Piper's office on the top, the third, floor. Just across the wide hall from Piper's office was a door locked.

"'It's in there,' says Piper, when he sees me looking, 'that the general has his living quarters—where he entertains whatever lady he's last taken up with—or marries—he doesn't mind marrying them, if they insist. He's married to five or six now.'

"'And is one in there now?' I ask.

"'Why, of course—that one he grabbed out of the death line this afternoon.'

"All the while he's talking to me, Piper is typewriting away on a masterpiece on the noble clemency of the great liberator. 'It'll go great,' he said, 'with your moving pictures of it. If only we could rig it up so somebody could read it out to the audience while they're looking at your moving pictures, it would be a killer.'

"When he got that far I walked across the hall and tried the door to Valina's sleeping quarters. I called. There was no answer.

"'Keep away from there!' yelled Piper, 'or it'll be all off with you—and me, too.'

"'You sure she's in there?'

"'I was sitting here when they put her in.'

"I came back to Piper's room, and closed the windows and doors.

"'What 're you up to?' asks Piper.

"'That's so no one by accident will hear what I'm going to say,' I said, and folded my right

hand under the left side of my coat and took a seat at the end of his desk. 'Piper, there isn't going to be any movies of any clemency scene in the morning,' I said, and told him the story of Murphy and the dog-robber, and then part, not all, of what I had in mind to do that night.

"He takes the green shade off his eyes and sits back in his chair. After a while he says: 'I'm getting two thousand pesos a month here; and if Valina gets to be president, I'm likely to be in his cabinet. I know he's no good, but he's liable to come through.'

"'Piper,' I said, 'I hate to dim your rising star, but you and I and Murph, and even Bill the burglar boy, we're all of us—on the showdown—Americans, and don't you think we'd better stay so. After it's all over—if we get away—you'll maybe have to work a little harder for a living, but you'd better fly your flag with us now. What d'y' say?'

"He thinks awhile, looking at me, and then he says, letting his hand slide to the butt of the automatic he carried at his hip: 'I'm meaning no harm to you. In fact, I'm going to save you from making a bad break for yourself and the people who are paying you good money to get pictures, for you can't do what you plan and get safe out of here; and trying it will only

send you to a quick finish. And, perhaps, me after you. I don't suppose by any chance that you carry one of those things on your person—I don't see any, so I'm asking.' And he draws his pistol from the holster and lays it across his knees.

"'Piper,' I said, 'maybe you notice that lump under my left armpit?'

"'I'm noticing,' says Piper.

"'All right, since the day I struck this country,' I tell him then, 'I've carried strapped under my left arm a fine, big service automatic. And may-be you'll notice I'm sitting with my left side pointing to you and my right arm where it is under my coat. I carry it there for emergencies.'

"'And I suppose,' said Piper with almost a smile, 'you'd call this an emergency?'

"'I closed the doors and windows,' I said, 'not so they couldn't hear one talk, but so they wouldn't hear any shooting down-stairs or outside. Piper, we two are going to be of one mind in this matter, or whichever of us leaves this room will leave the other dead behind him. It's a tough choice, but Murphy is an old-time friend and she's his wife—I saw the wedding-ring on her finger—and my dope is that she went to the dead line with him when she didn't have to. It's got to be all of us or none.'

"After a while Piper put his pistol back in his holster. 'I was only putting up a bluff—lead the way,' he said.

"The soldier on duty at the front door of the building saluted us in passing out. I led the way to the back of the building. Looking around, I saw that all the top windows as well as the low of the house were barred up, as in most of the big houses in Marreon, with iron bars about six inches apart.

"I pictured her up there all huddled up in terror, but I knew, too, she would be wide-awake, with her eyes and ears and brain working overtime. 'I'll take the loan of your pistol, Piper,' I say, and before he could say yes or no, hauled it from its holster and threw it up. At the second try it goes between the bars, through the glass of one of the windows, and up against the drawn lattice inside, and stayed there.

" 'There,' I thinks, 'you'll hear that and find it, and if you're the woman I'm betting you are, you'll know what to do with it when the time comes.'

" 'What was the matter with throwing up your own pistol?' asked Piper then. 'I'll tell you the reason later,' I said. 'And I'll bet you now you'll say it was a good one.'

"We hurried on, only stopping for me to get

an empty pint bottle from a cantina, and then to fill it with gasolene from the tank of an automobile that happened to be standing without an owner in front of the cantina door. When we reached the jail a guard was taking his ease in a cane-bottomed chair outside the gate. I showed him the pass. He looks at it. 'Ah-h—from the general—good!' he says, calls to somebody, and an inside soldier opens the gate and lets us in and up-stairs to our burglar friend's room, who'd been languishing there for eight days then and loses no time to tell me how the bean soup they served didn't agree with him, nor the black-baked mess which they said was beans, but which he was sure was fried cockroaches. He has a lot more complaints, till I shut him off.

"'I have here,' I said, pulling the pint bottle off my hip, 'a pint of——'

"He grabbed it, has a swig, and, 'My Gawd!' he screeches and hops around the room spitting like a cat when he finds it is gasolene, not gin.

"'Get out your magic plate-cutter,' I tell him then, 'and get busy.'

"We poured the gasolene into the little tank in the green box, lit her up and—z-z-z—the little wheel begins to go round. We set the cutting edge against the first wrought-iron bar, and out

spurts a white flame a yard long. The iron rod goes like candy before it, but by the time we have the first one cut, the inside soldier, who's down the corridor a ways, gets curious and comes over and peeks in to see what's making the bright light. As he pokes his nose between two bars of the door, I tap him over the head with the piece of bar we'd cut out, and he passes away—not dead,. but just laid out. I reach out and take the keys from his belt, and we open the door and haul him inside.

"We cut out two more bars, and then I go and get the other prisoners and bring 'em to Bill's room which looks out on a piece of waste land with no lights anywhere—between the edge of the town and the railroad-tracks it was. And they all go through the window where we'd cut the bars away. One by one they hang on to the window-sill and let go—and then across the waste place.

"Murphy is among the prisoners, of course, and asking all kinds of questions till I ask him to help me take the uniform off the guard and get into it, which he does. It is tight, the uniform, but he squeezed into it. Then we tore a sleeve off the guard's undershirt, stuffed it into his mouth in case he waked up, carried him him to another room, and locked him in there.

Murphy then buckled on the guard's revolver and asked no more questions.

"The guard who'd let us in was still sitting outside the entrance gate, still smoking a cigarette in his cane-bottomed chair. Murphy in his uniform comes to let us out, but he is so long finding the right key from the bunch to open the gate that the outside guard asks him what's the matter. 'It is nothing, nothing,' says Murphy in his best spig accent. The outside guard looks up at the voice, takes another look at Murphy's shadow, and steps close in to look again; and as he does I reach for him over Murphy's shoulder and come down on his skull with my length of iron bar. As he goes down, Murphy reaches out and grabs him, and as we swing in the gate we swing him in, too, and take his uniform off and give it to Bill, the burglar, after we'd split the coat up the back so it would cover his chest in front.

"We gagged and tied and left the guard upstairs with his chum, and I gave his revolver to Piper to make up for the gun I'd borrowed to throw up to Murphy's wife. The burglar I sent off to the railroad-tracks to look up the locomotive with the steam up, telling him at the same time not to try to talk the language if he happened to meet anybody. 'How about the baggage-car

with the loot?' he says, and wants to take the green box and the magic plate-cutter, but I tell him to wait till we all got back to the railroad-track. He went off bounding.

"On the way up to Valina's Murphy got asking questions again—about his wife, and 'Wait—wait!' I kept answering.

"At the entrance to Valina's residence I asked if the general was up-stairs. The guard said he was, but also said the general had left orders not to be disturbed. He smiled as he said it. 'We shall go then to the Señor Piper's room,' I said, and the guard saluted and passed us inside.

"'Your wife,' I said to Murphy when we got to Piper's room, 'is in there,' and I point to across the hall.

"'And Valina?' he asked.

"I nodded.

"With his automatic in his hand he stepped across the hall, and knocked at Valina's door. He knocked again. And again. And then he tried to kick it open. But it was the heaviest kind of a mahogany door. He couldn't even start it. He called then on his wife, no answer. On Valina, no answer. Then we heard a pistol-shot. Not another sound. And then, after a little while, the click of the door-key inside—and then the door swung back. Murphy held his

pistol up, ready to snap it on whatever target showed, and then he limpened. It was his wife who came from behind the door and into his arms.

"Piper and I both ran across the hall then. There wasn't a mark on her. 'Where is he?' Murph was asking her. She points, and we pass through three gorgeously furnished rooms, and there he was—the upper part of him on his stomach across the bed, his legs hanging to the floor. There was a little blood, not much, on the lace spread of the bed. We rolled him over. There was a bullet-hole plumb between his eyes. She had run to the other side of the bed, she explained, and when he had leaped across at her, she had shot him. She pulled Piper's pistol out of her bosom to explain it.

"'Here's where we get busy again,' I said, and turned to and burned out three more window-bars. Then by way of a rope made of sheets and coverlets from the bed, we lowered ourselves to the street on the back of the house. Piper took his typewriter and some sheets of paper along with him. I took my camera but left the magic plate-cutter to whoever found it for a souvenir.

"We strolled toward the railroad, striving not to look in a hurry, till we spy a motor-car in front

of a drug-store on a quiet street. We hopped in and went off. A man, acting and speaking like he was surprised, came running out of the drug-store. We ran to a siding down by the station and whistled. There was our burglar waiting near a locomotive with steam up.

"'Wait!' he says, when he spies us. 'I got my eye on it! It's a baggage-car up the track with the doors locked and on'y two soldiers on guard!'

"'You, Bill—you get aboard!' I tell him, borrowing Murphy's gun.

"'My name ain't Bill,' he bawls, 'and on'y you've a gun I'd show you something!'

"'The first stop we come to,' I says then, 'beyond the danger zone, and there's nothing better to do, I'll beat your head off without any gun, just to show you I can do it. But now, Billie boy, go ahead and start the engine,' and I jam the gun into his left lung; and he gets aboard, and finds a fellow sound asleep inside the cab. Him Bill throws out bodily and we grab him and stand him on his feet and tell him to run as fast and as far as he can up the track till he meets a man with a glass eye who'll tell him to stop. He started off.

"We all get aboard and away we go. Piper lays dreamily back against the side of the cab with not

a word out of him for perhaps fifteen minutes; and then he says: 'And I might 'a' been secretary of state.' After another fifteen minutes or so more he says: 'And that little señorita that I think was beginning to take notice of me!' After another while he comes out of a trance to say: 'What the hell—I can go back to my old job—and it'll be one great scoop!' and rolls a sheet of paper into his typewriter and begins to wallop away.

"All this time Murph and his wife are close together and saying nothing; and I'm firing with no more on my mind than what I could put on my shovel except when I'd stop to wonder how far up the track that spig engineer ran before he met a man with a glass eye, and to wonder, too, maybe, if Bill, who's looking out the cab window, knows as much about running a locomotive as he said.

"Down the grade we go, like something leaping from a star, and all we know of where we're going is that we're headed east—toward the coast. I can tell that by the stars and the down grade. It was about eight thousand feet high, Marreon, and we were dropping down at the rate of about a hundred feet a mile, and the safety-valve was singing with the steam in her. We went on leaping over trestles and bridges and by the side of

canyons that were as deep—well, I didn't want to look to see how deep for fear we'd roll off.

"But nothing happened, except we made great speed, and before morning I could smell the salt air of the sea, and by daylight I could see it. And pretty soon I could make out the cream and the blue and salmon color of a town shining in the sun. It wouldn't do to go running in there with a locomotive we couldn't account for; so we got out, leaving her on the track.

"And no sooner were we out than the burglar lad who'd been glaring at me sidewise all night, says: 'My name ain't Bill, I said, an' how about lickin' me now—without your gun?' And we took our coats off and went at it, atop of a sand-hill looking out on the Gulf. And I jabbed and jolted him, and hooked him, and when he couldn't stand up any more, he sinks down on the sand and says: 'I didn't believe you could—not so easy, anyway. I give up.'

"So I explained the reason I beat him was because he was tired running his engine all night, and eight days in jail with no exercise and no regular ration of gin and beer, he was weak. 'You're not in shape,' I said, and the big loafer felt better.

"As I go to put on my coat, Piper says: 'Where is that gun you carry strapped under your left

arm?' And I only grinned at him, for I hadn't carried a gun since I'd been in the country.

"'You were bluffing?" he says.

"'Wasn't it a good time to bluff?' I answer.

"He looked at me. 'I've been putting you down for some new kind of a nut,' he says. 'But I take it back.'

"We walked into the town—it was on the edge of the sea—and a couple of soldiers met us and began to ask us questions; which I shut off by asking them if they'd seen anything of a balloon. 'Balloon? balloon?' they repeat, and began to look all around for it. So I explain how we were Americans—members of a meteorological party—who'd been blown across the Gulf on an exploring expedition, and how we had camped on the beach for the night, leaving our balloon staked to a sand-hill; and we awoke up in the morning and it was gone. They courteously explained to us—did we not know that a strong puff of wind would pull such stakes out of such sand?

"We did not know—it was our first balloon trip—and how far was it, please, señor, to Porto Bello? It was not far to Porto Bello, but there was not a train until that evening. But he had a brother—said the one doing most of the talking—and led us down to where a red and yellow little trading schooner was to anchor. We could char-

ter her to take us to Porto Bello. The wind was fair, señor.

"'No, no,' I said—'never again.' But there was a motor-boat there, and I gave the owner forty pesos gold to take us to Porto Bello.

"And he did, landing us at the New York steamship dock, where I went up to see about tickets. The clerk said sixty dollars apiece for first-class to New York. Murphy wanted to pay it—he had about two hundred dollars gold left in his money-belt—but I wouldn't let him. He'd need that, I knew, to start housekeeping on when he got home with his bride. 'Then I'll pay it,' says Piper, and pulls out two thousand pesos in bills. The clerk looks at it and shakes his head.

"'Look here,' says Piper, 'up in Marreon you'll find proclamations posted on the walls, and the storekeepers who won't accept it for the same as silver money are stood up against a wall and shot.'

"'I've never been in Marreon,' said the clerk. 'And if it is true that the Valina forces are even now retreating, it is worth—' He shrugged his shoulders.

"I got the clerk to call out the agent, and to him I said: 'I have a business proposition here. My company owns a moving-picture news weekly, which they show in fourteen hundred or fourteen thousand or fourteen million—whatever it is—

moving-picture houses in the United States. Now you make out passes for my friends here and I'll make out pictures of your outfit, showing all your fine wharf property, with the big steamers ready to come and go, and your fine office-building in back, and any picturesque natives you want to line up for atmosphere; and that'll go right on the screen on our circuit and be seen by four or five or ten or fifteen million or billion—whatever the circular says—people in the United States. It's advertising you couldn't buy,' I say, 'for thousands of dollars; and all those movie audiences will look at your fine steamers and great wharf and the general *dolce far niente* background, and they'll say that must be a great country for a winter trip, and of course this must be the swell line to go by on their next vacation. And if you want,' I say, 'I'll throw in a close-up of you in action at your mahogany roll-top desk.'

"They all fall for seeing themselves in the movies—he made out the passes and they went aboard, and I watched the steamer kick out the harbor and past the reefs and out into the blue Gulf till I couldn't any longer see Murph and his wife waving from her stern."

I put the news part of the camera man's story on the wire, and came back to find he had

moved from the café to a seat out under the portales.

I smoked a full cigar, and another; and then, thinking to shake him out of himself: "You've certainly had your share of adventures."

But without noticeably shaking him. He settled even lower in his chair, and continued to gaze with wistful eyes on the life of the plaza.

The bright sun left us and the long shadows came, with leaping newsboys crying their evening papers, and smiling flower girls their colorful posies.

The plaza lamps flashed their yellow lights; the cathedral-bell tolled its evening call; the plaza band marched proudly to its elevated stand.

The new watch of waiters came to dress in fresh linen the portales tables. One, asking pardon, proceeded to dress ours; which action disturbed the camera man.

He moved in his chair and said: "Yes, I suppose I've had my share of adventures. But little ones —all little ones. I've yet to meet any dog-robber with a madonna's face who would march to any dead line with me. But"—he straightened up— "it's a great little old world just the same. What d' y' say to a little sangaree and forgetting the lonesome side of it?"

Books by James B. Connolly

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"Few writers have the ability to picture sea life with the accuracy and feeling which Mr. Connolly has always shown."
—Boston Herald.

HEAD WINDS

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.35 *net*

This book is remarkable for the variety of stories it contains and their characters, which include Continental immigrants, Central American soldiery, Gloucester fishermen, Mississippi roustabouts and steamboat people, American bluejackets, and newspaper correspondents. These are among the best stories Mr. Connolly has ever written.

SONNIE-BOY'S PEOPLE
AND OTHER STORIES

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.25 *net*

"Mr. Connolly writes with a classic simplicity, an artistic directness, a seafaring virility such as may seldom be found in short stories of this day or any other."
—Los Angeles Times.

OPEN WATER

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.20 *net*

A collection of stories of the same type—breezy, fresh, vigorous—as those in his earlier books.

Some are of Gloucester fishermen, some of the men of the navy, some of the smugglers—in all such is the smack of the salt-laden wind, the rattle and creak of ships' tackle, the dull boom of pounding surf or the hissing crash of the breakers. But there are the other stories of sport and adventure ashore of which Mr. Connolly has shown his complete mastery.

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE CRESTED SEAS

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.35 *net*

"Tales of daring and reckless deeds which make the blood run quicker and bring an admiration for the hardy Gloucester men who take their lives in their hands on nearly every trip they make. There are Martin Carr and Wesley Marrs and Tommy Clancy and others of the brave crew that Connolly loves to write about."

—*Chicago Post.*

WIDE COURSES

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.25 *net*

"He holds our attention with these eight new stories of his, holds it in lighter mood as well as in the dramatic key which he touches oftenest, the key of man in his indomitable courage doing battle with storm and wave, with the hardships of life that have hardened him. These 'Wide Courses' are, indeed, interesting sailing with never a dull moment."—*New York Tribune.*

OUT OF GLOUCESTER

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.35 *net*

"His book gives graphic descriptions of life on board of a fisherman and has the genuine salt-water flavor. Mr. Connolly knows just what he is writing about, from actual experience, as his book very plainly indicates, and as such it is a valuable addition to sea literature."

—*Gloucester Times.*

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL

Illustrated. 12*mo.* $1.35 *net*

"Sea stories of the kind you can't help liking. Stirring, heart-moving yarns of the Gloucester fishermen who brave death daily in pursuit of their calling."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"No teller of sea tales can put the passion of the sea into his stories more forcibly than Mr. Connolly."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"The very breath of the ocean blows in these thrilling stories of deep-sea adventure."—*Albany Journal.*

THE SEINERS

With frontispiece by M. J. BURNS

12*mo.* $1.35 *net*

"It carries the sails easily. In Tommy Clancy he has created a veritable Mulvaney of the sea."

—*Collier's Weekly.*

"Full of vigor and song and the breath of the sea."

—*St. James Gazette.*

"A real tale of the sea which makes one feel the whiff of the wind and taste the salt of the flying spray—such is Mr. J. B. Connolly's new book, 'The Seiners.' . . . Certainly there is not a lover of the sea, man or woman, who will fail to be delighted with this breezy, stirring tale."—*London Daily Telegraph.*

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.25 *net*

"His story of the straining, gruelling struggle, the heart-breaking efforts of the runners over those twenty-four miles of country roads, is soul-stirring."

—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE TRAWLER

12mo. 50 *cent net*

WINNER OF THE COLLIER $2,500 STORY CONTEST

"It is literature. In thought, in sentiment, in rugged knowledge of rugged men, in strength and finish of writing, it is entitled to a place of permanence."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

JEB HUTTON

The Story of a Georgia Boy

Illustrated. 12mo. $1.20 *net*

"A bright, dashing story, sure to charm boys who love the strenuous life."—*The Outlook.*

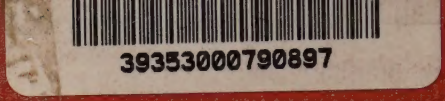
"'Jeb Hutton' is a boy's story from beginning to end; clean, wholesome, spirited, and calculated to do good."

—*Boston Journal.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
PUBLISHERS . . . . . NEW YORK

216 7230

MAY 70
N. MANCHESTER,


39353000790897